

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

August 1907

No 10



"What do you call
that then?" he
asked, triumphantly
displaying the
paper.
See "Jerry, the
Backwoods Boy"

Published at Augusta, Maine

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Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Fidelity is the sister of justice.
Doubt is hell in the human soul.
A flatterer is the shadow of a fool.
A God all mercy, were a God unjust.
Every man's task is his life preserver.
Make use of time if you love eternity.
Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.
A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.
The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoever feels deeply feels for all that live.
—De Stael.
Every man is a book if you know how to read him.
The wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.
Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.
A baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.
Everything may be endured except continual prosperity.
Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.
The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.
It is a kind of a good deed to say well, but words are no deeds.
If there be a paradise for virtues there must be a hell for crimes.
A sapful of performance is worth a ten acre field of promise.
All men would be masters of others, and none is master of himself.
May we govern our passions with absolute sway
And grow wiser and better as strength wears away.
—Dr. Pope.
The sufficiency of our merit is to know that our merit is not sufficient.
Poetry is the music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language.
There is no fool equal to the sinner who every moment ventures his soul.
Measure not men by Sundays without regard to what they do all the week after.
If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites—they are the greatest dupes he has.
The saddest than that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.
The call to religion is not to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.
A word unspoken is a sword in a scabbard; a word uttered is a sword in another's hand.
It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or not.
Count that day as lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done.
—Stanford.

A Few Words by the Editor

God made the country, and man made the town; What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts That can alone make sweet the bitter draught That life holds out to all, should most abound, And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
—Couper.

THE passing of Mrs. Wm. McKinley, the wife of our late beloved president, recalls the sad tragedy of her husband's death and the ideal married life, which they lived until the hand of the assassin parted them. Mrs. McKinley was an invalid for more than half of her life. She firmly believed in her husband's destiny, and it was she who encouraged him to go forward to the goal of his ambition—the presidency. His tender solicitude and devotion to her, were well known, and when he departed this life, his distracted widow prayed earnestly for death, so that she might join him beyond the grave. Mrs. McKinley would often say: "He is gone, and life is dark to me now." Her last words were: "Why should I linger, please God, if it is Thy will why defer it."

Ida Saxton McKinley was born in Canton, Ohio, June, 1847. Her father was a banker, and she was reared in a home of comfort and refinement. She taught Sunday-school in the Presbyterian church, and young lawyer William McKinley Jr. was Superintendent of the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. Ida Saxton had many admirers and suitors, but it was the young soldier, who had distinguished himself in the Shenandoah Valley, and who had served with Grant and Sheridan who was the favored one. When her father gave his consent to the marriage, he said these words to her future husband: "You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would care to entrust my daughter." Now both, who were so devoted in life, are sleeping side by side in the McKinley Mausoleum on Monument Hill, Canton, Ohio; their last resting-place is the gift of the nation and is to be dedicated September 30th next. Mrs. McKinley expressed a desire that she might witness its completion. This wish however was not gratified.

The married life of the late President McKinley and his wife was one from which all may learn a lesson. It was an ideal life, and the sickness of the wife only brought out, and accentuated the nobleness of the husband's character. It was "in sickness and in health until death do us part" for them. There were no scandals or clouds to mar the beauty and perfection of this union. In a divorce cursed country such as ours, the married life of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley stands out like a beautiful blossom in a miry morass. The sweetness of their life and the lesson it teaches, should sink deep into the hearts of every true American man and woman, and inspire them to live right and righteously, and to be true to those vows, which only death should dissolve.

The Census Bureau has given us some interesting facts, and probably the most interesting is its latest returns concerning women workers. It appears that the total number of women workers 16 years of age and over in this country in 1900, was 23,485,559. Out of this total, 4,833,630 were employed at some kind of work. Most of the women workers were young; 68.4 per cent. being under 35 years of age; 44.2 per cent. under 25, and 25.6 per cent. under 21; 15.9 per cent. were married, 17.7 per cent. were widows, and 1.3 were divorced. Of the number of divorced women, 65 per cent. were supporting themselves wholly or in part. Of those that work, 1,771,966 were born in the United States, their parents also being natives of this country; 1,090,744 of the women workers born in this country, were the daughters of immigrants; 840,011 white women workers were immigrants; 1,119,621 were negro women; 11,288 Indian and Mongolian women. The number of women that work has more than doubled in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900. It is also noticeable that there was a large increase in the number of the married women acting as bread winners in 1900 over 1890. Out of the 303 occupations of which the Bureau has record, women were represented in all but nine. Five women were employed as pilots; 10 as baggage-men; 31 as brakemen; 7 as conductors; 26 as switchmen; 45 as engineers and firemen; 43 as hackdrivers; 2 as roofers and slaters; 6 as ship carpenters; 503 as machinists; 185 blacksmiths; 8 boiler-makers; 31 charcoal, coke and lime burners; 11 well borers; two women were acting as motormen, or motorwomen as they should more correctly be called. About one fourth of the working women were employed as servants; 456,405 were farm laborers; 96 per cent. of the latter were employed in Southern States, and 361,804 of them were negroes. 333,144 women supported themselves as dress-makers; 327,206 were teachers; 328,935 did laundry work; 307,706 were farmers; 231,458 were mill operatives and textile workers, and 146,929 were housekeepers and stewardesses.

This is a remarkable showing, and may well give food for thought. Men are pretty well satisfied in their own minds about the inferiority of women, but when women stand shoulder to shoulder with men, and do a man's work, and support themselves and those dependent upon them, the inferiority argument falls to the ground. Women have shown their ability to do the work that men do, and they must be able to do it equally as well, or they would not be employed. The most skillful pilot on the Ohio River is a woman. Once there was a line of industrial demarcation between the sexes, but that line now is pretty well worked out. Women have not demanded equal rights with men yet, but that they will ultimately do it is certain. In fact the industrial work which they have undertaken will compel them to do so.

There is one kind of light employment that we can recommend that is very agreeable to women both little and big as well as boys and men—and that is getting subscriptions to COMFORT. You will notice that this is a fine issue to show up and get subscribers with. Surely with so many interesting stories and fine departments at the low price of 15 cents for 16 months everybody ought to take COMFORT this hot weather, so if you cannot get up a club yourself be sure and renew your own subscription and tell your friends about our liberal premium offers to club raisers.

Doctor Chalmers, medical officer of the City of Glasgow, Scotland, has been inquiring into the cause of a severe plague of spotted fever which has been ravaging that city. In his report he declares most emphatically, that there is death in kissing. The doctor particularly

condemns the kissing of infants; this practice he alleges, being the cause of much infant mortality. The doctor is undoubtedly right in his surmises, and your editor trusts that those mothers and women generally who are in the habit of kissing infants upon the lips, immediately cease the practice, a practice exceedingly dangerous to their beloved babes. There are plenty of ways of showing your affection for a child without kissing it upon the lips. A baby is a poor helpless creature, unable to defend itself, and generally its lips when kissed are wide open, and the saliva of the adult goes right into the child's system. Many of those people who kiss babies are consumptives or have various forms of stomach trouble, and thus the germs of disease are conveyed to the helpless babies, whose powers of resistance are slight.

If the infant does not succumb to this adult osculation, it contracts various ailments, which undermine its constitution, and make life a burden to it in after years. Fondly caress and love your baby to your heart's content, kiss its cheek and brow, but for Heaven's sake keep your lips from its mouth.

Your editor wishes to warn adults from proffering their lips to ailing or diseased persons. Far be it from the writer to attempt to inveigh against kissing, when indulged in by healthy youths and maidens, during the period of love's young dream, but remember, microbes are no respecters of persons, and if an individual deposits the germs of disease upon your lips, they will be taken into your system, and as is their habit, they will increase and multiply and at once commence their work of destruction, possibly with fatal results to yourself.

Some people have constitutions that are strong enough to combat and throw off the attacks of disease germs from without and within, but such is not the case with all of us, and even the strongest at times fall ready victims to these insidious foes of humanity. Many a man and woman, suffering from certain forms of disease have scattered death and destruction far and wide through the medium of osculation. Some cases of disease are far more deadly than bullets, and kill more surely.

It is a custom, and a very wise one, in some cities for the health officer to visit all families, where there is a case of tuberculosis. The officer warns the members of these families, that kissing the afflicted consumptive is not only dangerous, but is liable to bring about the death of the person indulging in the practice. The kissing of young people and children by aged persons is also a great mistake, when the lips are the medium of this particular method of expressing affection. Indiscriminate kissing is sure to result in the contracting of some physical trouble, it may not be acute, but it will demonstrate itself in some form or other eventually. We would suggest to all except lovers (who are, of course, prepared to take risks, and the consequences of those risks), to receive a kiss either on the cheek or brow, and by averting the head it is easily possible to avoid being kissed upon the lips, and when form or necessity compels the bestowal of a caress by friend or relative, let that caress be bestowed upon brow or cheek, but never upon the lips.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Bath, Maine, celebrated August 5-10 the three hundredth anniversary of the launching of the first ship built in America.

John F. Stevens ex-chief engineer of the Panama canal has been appointed to the office of Vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

An attempt on the life of the President of France was recently made while he was returning to the palace from Longchamps where he had reviewed the garrison of Paris in the presence of 250,000 enthusiastic people.

President Diaz is arranging to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the revolt against Spain which led ultimately to the independence of the republic. The celebration will begin on September 15, 1910.

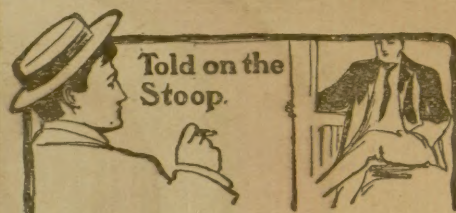
In the death of Angelo Heilpin the world has lost one of its most daring scientific explorers. The investigation of the eruption of Mont Pelee, after the destruction of St. Pierre, Island of Martinique, is among his best remembered achievements. His ancestors for three centuries were famed as Jewish scholars.

A French engineer declares that the result of Peter Cooper Hewet's recent discovery will enable one to cross the ocean from New York to Liverpool in sixty hours. The rough model 27 feet long has attained a speed of 38 miles an hour and he is satisfied that he can make one 200 feet long that will go 55 miles an hour.

Emperor William is leaving little undone to win American friendship. It is said that he is sending to Harvard and Columbia universities presents of three valuable works. One is a fine copy of the works of Frederick the Great, in 34 volumes; another is a copy of the works of Adolf Menzel, the painter, and the third the book on the uniforms of Frederick the Great's army.

Work on the Campanile at Venice has been resumed after a year and the tower is now eight feet above the piazza of St. Mark. The work has so far cost about \$25,000. The great care is being taken to reproduce exactly the famous old bell tower which fell in 1902. Much of the old Campanile is being built into the new and the old angel will again be high on its top and the old bell from Crete hung on the summit.

German copper workers on strike have had a stroke of luck which rarely falls to any body of men in such circumstances. It is reported in Berlin that the banking house of Offenbach received from a person whose name is not to be divulged a check for \$250,000, with instructions that it was to be placed at the disposal of the selected representatives of the copper workers on strike and to be managed for the benefit of the men in their struggle.



Foreign Bodies

If a grain of sand, cinder or any foreign particle gets into the ear lie down and let some one syringe it out with warm water, unless the article is something which swells when wet. Never try to pick it out with a pin or other instrument. If it is not in far hop on one foot and box the other side of the head. If in the eye blink rapidly and refrain from rubbing it, letting the water which nature provides wash it out. This falling you may remove it by probing gently with the corner of a soft linen handkerchief. Lime is very dangerous to the eye and will cause a loss of sight unless quickly removed. Bathe with tepid water and vinegar and get the lime out without a second's delay.

Ostrich Farming

"Usually Americans think of the ostrich as a bird from some far-away desert land," said a man from the Southwest, "but the ostrich is getting to be as American as the turkey is. There are three ostrich farms in California, one each in Arizona, Florida and Kansas, with about 6,000 of the big birds thriving as on their native heath. A full-sized bird is about 10 feet tall and weighs 350 pounds. They are picked every nine months, and the feathers undergo careful treatment before they can be worn on ladies' hats. The ostrich is a model husband. When he is about five years old, he chooses a mate and sticks by her till death does them part. The ostrich is good for eighty years. He makes the nest, helps sit on the eggs, and does most of the work. But he wants to kill the young ones. Forty days are required to hatch an ostrich egg. The shell is so thick, that when the youngster inside makes a noise, the shell must be broken by somebody on the outside of it to let him out."

Concerning Olives

"The average person in the country places," said the grocery drummer, "is not fond of olives. Indeed, olives are a cultivated taste. But they are coming into more general use as the advertisers get their qualities before all kinds of eaters. A Detroit man told me the other day that the grocerymen in that city sold three times as many olives now than they did five years ago, and I suppose the increase, though not quite that large, perhaps, is pretty general over the whole country. Some people may think this increase due to the olive production of California, but it is not so. California olives decay when pickled, and are made into oil instead of pickles. Italian olives are so irregular in size and quality that they also go into oil. That leaves Spain as the olive supply of the world, practically. The U. S. gets most of its Spanish olives from a district within 100 miles of Seville. They are prepared in Spain for table use, stuffed or otherwise, and are shipped to this country in 200 gallon barrels, and here they are bottled for the retail trade. You may not like an olive at first, but the taste grows on you and you can eat them after a while in any quantity because they are easily digestible and very healthy."

The Automobile Business

"There's never happened anything in this country with such a growth as the automobile business," said the man who looked grimy and smelled of gasoline. "Seven or eight years ago an auto was a rare curiosity that was found only in circus parades. Today it is a great business in which hundreds of millions are invested. In 1900 there were only about a hundred cars in this country. In 1906 there were 24,274 cars sold, representing a value of over fifty millions of dollars. The average price of a car in 1903 was \$1,170, and in 1906 it was \$2,087. This is the average of all makes. American cars are much lower priced, the average being \$1,429, while the average price of the foreign car was \$3,710. We imported over 1,300 cars, valued at about five million dollars, to which must be added 45 per cent. of duty, making it over seven millions. At the last auto show in New York City, the cost of the decorations of the show hall were \$75,000, the place was crowded for a week, 124,000 persons being in attendance and it is estimated that cars were sold to the value of ten million dollars. It is the greatest fad in history, but it will be a permanent thing by and by, for the whiz wagon has come to stay."

Caring for Immigrants

"An excellent thing," said the thrifty-looking man, "is the Industrial Removal Office in New York city which distributes over the country Jewish immigrants, and every religious organization ought to have one, or more like it. The Office has been in existence for six years and during that time it has sent out of New York city 29,413 persons, nearly all, fresh arrivals from Russia. The Office selects the best specimens it can find among the newcomers and sends them to points where there is a demand for them. Some become farmers, many are mechanics and others are traders and plain laborers. To show how much better it is for them to get out of the big city and into the smaller places I will cite a few instances. Men sent to Toledo are receiving from \$16 to \$18 a week, and to Omaha from \$15 to \$25 a week. Six men sent to Columbus, O., have \$900 in bank; of nine sent to Nashville, Tenn., three now own their own stores; two carpenters sent to Minneapolis, have \$1,500 in bank, and one shoemaker has his own house; 29 sent to Rochester, N. Y., have money and property valued at \$8,000. Of the 200 sent to South Bend, Ind., mostly on farms, all are at work, and satisfied and are saving money. None of these had employment in New York, and none of them had any money to speak of. They could work and were willing to, which explains their success. It is estimated that the yearly earnings of the immigrants distributed over the country by the Office are in the neighborhood of eight million of dollars. There is plenty of room and opportunity for the industrious and thrifty in every state and the authorities ought to wake up and secure the right kind of fresh people."

A SPECKLED BIRD

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By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

CHAPTER I.

REMORSE WILL DRIVE YOU TO DESPAIR.

"GRANDMA, who named me Egiah?"

"My cousin, Bishop Vivian, when he baptized you."

"Do you think he had any right to put such a label on me?"

"Certainly, because your father selected your name, and the bishop had no choice."

"It is so ugly, I never can like it, and a little baby that can't speak her mind ought not to be tied to something she must drag all her life and hate forever and ever."

"Eat your breakfast, and try to be a good, quiet child, then your name will not trouble you so much."

"I never shall like it, any more than you do, and you know, grandma, when you call me your mouth twists like you had toothache."

"I was not consulted about your name. It belonged to your New England Grandmother Kent, and as it appears you belong only to your father, you were called after his mother. I heard him tell you it was the name of a queen—one of David's wives."

"Yes, but I found out she was not the head queen—just a sort of step-wife queen. Now if I could only be the pet queen, Sheba, I should not fret at all."

"The Queen of Sheba was not David's wife."

"You are all wrong about your Bible, grandma, because you are only a Methodist. David's Sheba was nicknamed Bath Sheba, for the reason that he saw her going to her bath-house, and she looked so pretty. I saw her picture in father's 'Piscopal Bible.'"

"There, there! Be quiet. Drink your milk."

Mrs. Maurice leaned back in her chair and sighed as she looked down at the fragile child beside her. The tall, silver coffee urn showed in repousse on one side the flight of Europa, on the other Dirce dragged to death. Egiah could never understand how the strands of the victim's hair supported the weight of her form, and wondered why they did not give way and set the prisoner free. Today she eyed it askance, then surveyed her own fair image reflected in the polished, smooth surface below the band of figures.

"Grandma, don't you think horses are much nicer for ladies to ride than oxen?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then why did you buy ox riders?" one small finger pointed to the heirloom fetic.

"I did not buy the urn. It has belonged to your grandfather Maurice's family for one hundred and fifty years, and was brought from Old England. Eliza, take her away. If she cannot be silent, she must go back and have her meals with you. It seems impossible to teach her that in the presence of grown people children are expected to listen."

Mrs. Mitchell came forward from a side table, lifted the little girl from her chair, and untied the ruffled bib that protected her white dimity dress.

"Now tell grandmother you are sorry you annoyed her, and if she will let you sit at her table you will be as quiet as she wishes."

"Ma-Lila, don't make me tell stories; she doesn't believe them, and I am so tired saying things I don't mean. I want to go back to the side table, where you are not always scolding me. Grandma, it will be peace-fuller if I stay with Ma-Lila—"

"Hush! Come here."

Mrs. Maurice lifted the little one's dimpled chin and studied the fair face that had bloomed seven years in her lonely home: a winsome face cut like a gem, velvety-brown eyes, long-lashed, and the pure, pale oval set in a shining bronze frame of curling hair, all chestnut in shade, braided with gold when sunshine hid among the ripples.

"Kent! Kent—even her ears small as any other rogue's. She is her father's child."

"Is that a sin, grandma?"

Mrs. Maurice swiftly laid her hand over the uplifted, upbraiding eyes, to veil something in their depths that often disquieted her, and sought refuge in her habitual command:

"Take her away, Eliza."

Ring the small bell close to the breakfast tray, the mistress took a spray of starry jasmine from the vase in the center of the table, and as she turned away said to the gray-haired butler:

"Aaron, you will put a plate and chair for Miss Egiah at the side table until further orders. Tell Oliver I shall not want the carriage until four o'clock."

Unusually tall and very handsome was this stately widow of a Confederate general who had been slain during one of the fierce conflicts around beleaguered Richmond. No white hairs marred the glossy blackness of the thick coil half hidden under a snowy crepe cap, and the brilliant blue eyes were undimmed by tearful years of widowhood—a widowhood involving for her the full, sad significance of the sacred and melancholy term, an inability to forget, a despair of any earthly consolation, and a jealous reticence that denied all discussion of her sorrow, as she would have defended her dead from an alien's rude touch. To her, time had brought neither oblivion nor alleviation, only a sharpened sense of irreparable bereavement; and as one standing in an unending and hopeless eclipse, she accepted the gloom with a stern and silent rejection of all other lights when the sun of her life went down.

Anniversaries are electric batteries that thrill the domain of emotions, and one day out of every three hundred and sixty-five the strings of memory are keyed to their utmost tension, vibrating with an intolerable intensity that reddens the lips of old wounds and quickens dull aches to stinging torture.

This memorial morning Mrs. Maurice crossed the wide, vaulted hall, and passing through the long, pillared drawing-room, opened a locked door and shut herself in a darkened chamber to keep tryst with the sacred souvenirs that represented all she held dear. Raising the window, she turned the blinds to allow sunlight entrance into this silent reliquary filled with mementoes jealously guarded "in solemn salvatory"; a heavy, square bedstead with twisted columns that upheld a red-lined tester whence embroidered draperies fell; a gilded swinging wicker crib,

with baby blankets, rose bordered; a velvet easy-chair, where a gentleman's quilted silk dressing-gown hung over the carved back, and his slippers lay beneath; a table heaped with a child's toys, books and daguerreotypes of various sizes. On a leather couch lay a folded Confederate uniform, and a man's straw hat, cane, spurs, and riding whip had been placed beside the faded gray coat. Over the old-fashioned, high marble mantel hung a portrait of General Egbert Maurice, clad in uniform, wearing three stars and a wreath on his collar, and holding his plumed hat in his right hand. At one corner of the mantel a furled Confederate flag leaned until it touched the frame of the picture, and from the marble shelf, where lay the general's sash and sword, hung the stained and torn guidon of his favorite regiment. On the wall opposite the fireplace the portrait of a lovely girl with an apron full of roses seemed to fill the room with radiance and color.

With a slow, caressing movement, Mrs. Maurice's slim white hand passed over the front of the smoking-gown, and fastened in a button hole the spray of fragrant, satin-starred jasmine; then, lifting the faded gray coat, she held it to her heart in a tight, straining clasp, as she seated herself on the couch, and her fingers lingered on tarnished gilt buttons and braid. Inside the uniform was pinned a parcel wrapped in tissue paper, from which she took out a mass of yellowed lace, and as the filmy folds of an infant's christening robe swept across her lap, a subtle perfume of withered flowers like the breath of a rose jar stole over the room.

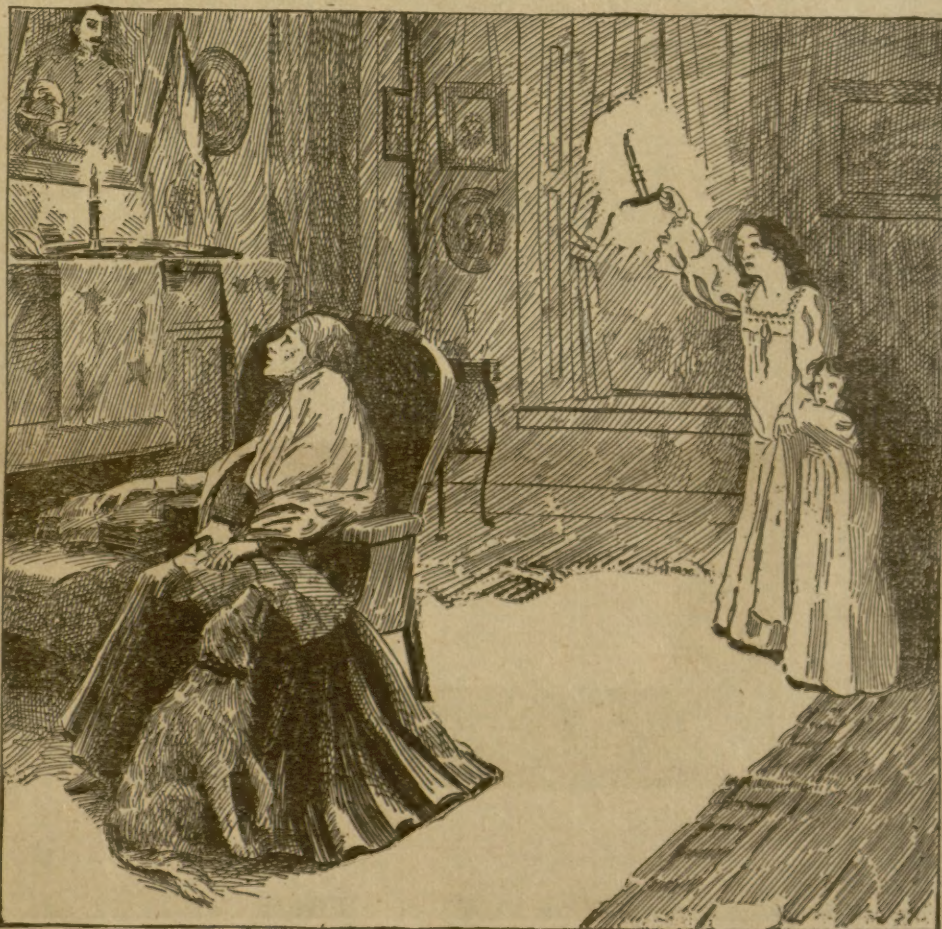
With dry eyes she looked long at one portrait, then at the other; the husband of her youth and the only child that had come as crowning blessing to a happy married life where no dissensions muttered, no discordant

bulwark that defied successfully the numerous assaults of "loyal confiscators."

Mrs. Maurice's maternal pride was built on the shifting sands of girlish impulse and flattered vanity, and the crash showed her that somewhere at the cross roads she had failed to offer a black lamb in propitiating evil divinities—had left no morsel of meat for the sleuth-hounds of baleful destiny that suddenly bayed destruction to the last earthly hope life held for her. Reared in the semi-cloistral seclusion of a Southern girl's education in antebellum days, trained at home by governesses, and barred from society until she should have made the European tour for which her mother had fixed an early date, predestined Marcia went to her doom when at the house of a friend she met accidentally the recently appointed Federal judge, Allison Kent—handsome, courtly, debonaire, and wily.

Clandestine courtships rarely lag; hence this lover of forty years, dreading discovery and the prompt removal of an infatuated girl only seventeen on her last birthday, kept the mother in complete ignorance of impending calamity until the night before her departure for Europe, when Marcia fled with him to an adjoining State, where a justice of the peace made them man and wife.

In accordance with life-long custom, Mrs. Maurice went to her child's bedroom to kiss her good night, and on the pillow found a farewell note, praying for forgiveness, and promising to meet her at a town on the line of her journey. How the mother bore this shock only God knew; no eye but His watched "ring that long night, when her soul went down into a Gehenna of torture—when, alone in her crucifixion, she accepted defeat, and girded herself for grim endurance. As day dawned she unlocked her door, and summoning her servants, said:



SHE HAD LAID ONE HAND ON THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM FOLDED ON THE COUCH BESIDE HER CHAIR.

clash jarred the perfect harmony. As the dead years babbled, she listened now to echoes of manly tones, and now to a baby's prattling lisp, still dividing as of yore her heart's homage. When war robbed her of the husband who had never ceased to be tender lover, her only hold on life centered in their beautiful daughter Marcia, and the struggle to guard her and defend from confiscation and ruin the fine landed estate and large fortune left by General Maurice had served, in some degree, to lessen the tendency to morbid brooding.

To the truly typical Southern woman who survived the loss of family idols and of her country's freedom, for which she had surrendered them, "reconstruction," political and social, was no more possible than the physical resurrection and return of slain thousands lying in Confederate graves all over the trampled and ruined South.

No mourning Southern matron indulged more intensely an inexorable, passionate hatred of Northern invaders than did Mrs. Maurice, who refused to accept the inevitable, and shut her doors against agents of "union and reconstruction" as promptly as she would have barred out leprosy or smallpox.

Proud of the social prestige with which her Brahmin birth and stainless family record had dowered her, she wielded her influence in uncompromising hostility to all who advocated a tacit acceptance of the new conditions called "peace."

The loss of negroes that abandoned several plantations would have materially impaired the Maurice fortune, had not the prevision of the general's commission merchant in a distant seaport induced the precautionary course of sending a portion of his crop of cotton to Liverpool early in the first year of the war, thus securing a large amount of treasure under the British flag, where (as the cotton factor wrote Mrs. Maurice a few years later) "Union" thieves could not steal, nor "reconstruction" moths and rust feed upon it. Out of the wreckage that succeeded the final catastrophe at Appomattox the family fortune of General Maurice emerged triumphant in proportions, and the minority of Marcia was a

"Miss Marcia has left me to marry a man who cannot enter my house. Take this note to Mr. Whitfield's residence at once; not to his office, to his house. Minerva, you will finish packing Miss Marcia's trunk, which must be sent to her. I shall make no change in my plans, except to take the noon train instead of the one at midnight. Ask me no questions. Send Mitchell and Eliza to me."

When her attorney, Mr. Whitfield, appalled by the stony white face that showed no hint of tears, no more trace of grief than the marble figure that supported the mantel at her side, essayed a few words of sympathy, she put out her hands with an imperious gesture.

"There is no comfort possible, and I need your help only in writing a new will. I start to New York at noon, so you have little time."

A few hours later, having seen only her pastor and her lawyer, she left her rife home by a route that enabled her to avoid the town designated as a place of meeting. Across the girl's farewell letter, which was returned to "Marcia Maurice," she had written: "My only hope is that God will take me out of this world before I see again the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Eighteen months had been spent in Europe, whence she was most reluctantly recalled by the death of Robert Mitchell, the overseer and business manager of one of her plantations, who was killed by the explosion of a mill engine. His young widow, Eliza, had been sheltered and guarded in Mrs. Maurice's home when orphaned by the death of her father, a Methodist chaplain, attached to General Maurice's command, and the intimacy of years was marked by unflinching kindness and confidence on the part of the benefactress, by profound affection and ardent gratitude on that of the destitute girl. The peculiarly harrowing circumstances attending her husband's loss had so severely shocked Eliza that Mrs. Maurice promptly removed her from the "overseer's cottage" to her own house, where she was nursed tenderly and skilfully in the room that before her marriage she had so

long called her home. Loving Marcia very warmly, she had attempted to intercede with the indignant mother, and one of her letters had enclosed an appeal from the erring daughter. It was returned unopened, and accompanied by a very positive assurance that any future repetition would not be forgiven. Old friends gathered to greet the returned traveler, yet all intuitively avoided allusion to the domestic cancer that, despite her proud, silent composure, was eating the heart barred against sympathy. She learned from the newspapers that under the new Federal regime Judge Kent was temporarily Senator, and that after a season in Washington he and Marcia were living at a hotel in her own neighboring city; but as the latter had followed her husband into the Episcopal Church, no meeting occurred between parent and child. So complete was the estrangement, and so unapproachable the stern, silent attitude of the mother, that when Dr. Eggleston, the family physician, and Bishop Vivian, the favorite cousin, called early one morning on an urgent errand, both realized that they championed a forlorn and desperate cause in battling with this old lioness robbed of her young.

Instinctively she divined their mission as her eyes fell upon a letter lying on the bishop's knee, and her lips narrowed and tightened. Standing on the hearth with her arms folded, she listened quietly to her cousin's impassioned pleading for forgiveness and to the doctor's distressing presentation of Marcia's alarming condition, which he felt constrained to pronounce hopeless.

"Madam, if you deny her dying prayer, remorse will drive you to despair."

"She has been dead to me since the hour she deliberately deceived and forsook me. Kent's wife ceased to be my child when she insulted, disgraced, her father's name."

"Oh, Patricia, how can you hope or claim God's mercy for yourself if you refuse pardon to your repentant and unhappy daughter?"

A spark leaped into the cold clear eyes.

"For mercy I think I shall never need to plead, and when my God grants me justice I will try to be satisfied."

"Will you not at least read the few lines the poor child wrote while we held her hand and guided the pen? Oh, cousin, if you could see her now!" The bishop held out the letter.

"Because you are the bearer I cannot refuse you the courtesy."

She walked to the window and, holding the curtain aside, read the brief petition:

"MY OWN MOTHER:

"Let me come home to die. It will not be so hard if I can look into your face once more, and know that your dear hand will close my eyes as I go down into my grave. I shall see father soon, and if he could come now to my help, you know he would take me in his arms and lay me in my mother's lap. Be merciful to your poor, dying MARGIA."

Leaning eagerly forward, the two gray-haired men watched and listened for some relenting token; but after a few moments she turned toward a desk, and with no change in the frozen calm of her handsome face, she merely traced a word at the bottom of the page, handed it to the bishop, and left the room. "Come."

That night a cold waxen image of a boy whose soul refused to enter its clay tabernacle was laid for a moment in Eliza Mitchell's arms, to be kissed as only young mothers can kiss their dead first-born. The following day the hospital ambulance brought back on a stretcher the wan form of the erring daughter, who fainted from exhaustion as the bearers carried her into the home of her fathers. Three days later she died in her mother's arms, whispering with icy lips: "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake—for my sake."

So little Egiah Kent was given, when three hours old, to the care of the young foster-mother Eliza, and slept upon the heart that mourned for the lost baby boy. Since then seven years had passed, and today, as Mrs. Maurice caressed Marcia's lace christening robe, she put aside all that pertained to the girl's disobedience and elopement, and memory dwelt only upon the sunny time when her husband and daughter made home a heaven. Into the quiet room crept the whine of a dog scratching at the door. As she opened it, a feeble brown creature crossed the floor, crouched before the hearth, and, raising soft, tender eyes to the portrait of the general, barked once and beat the carpet with his tail, as if in salute; her husband's favorite pointer Hector, failing fast, but loyal and true as the heart of his widow.

CHAPTER II.

"IT IS LIKE HAVING TWO GODS."

Sharing in some degree that infallible instinct whereby lower animals interpret the character of their owners, young children are often as wise and wary as dogs and cats, and before Egiah could walk without clinging to Eliza's finger, she knew intuitively that her silent, watchful grandmother eyed her suspiciously, and that warm caresses could be expected only from her father and her young foster-mother. Profound and regretful compassion rather than tenderness filled Mrs. Maurice's heart, and she faithfully ministered to the infant's needs, as she would have pityingly warmed and fed some bleating lamb bereft of its dam by March snows. Since the little girl showed, except in form, no faintest trace of Maurice blood, her grandmother regarded her most sorrowfully—not as Marcia's baby, but as the living monument of a cruel and unpardonable injury inflicted by Judge Kent. Even in the cradle Egiah defied an authority supreme in the household.

"You must not say Lila, but Mama-Eliza."

"I won't! It hurts my tongue to say Elitha. I will say Ma-Lila."

The child's inherent antagonism made her a vexing embodiment of protest, an obstinate interrogation point punctuating the commands of this old-fashioned lady whose domestic canons belonged to an era when boys and girls were not considered "servile" because trained to answer their elders "No, sir," or "Yes, ma'am," and when after a meal in the sunset glow young human broods followed feathered folk to an early rest before stars spangled the sky. If among General Maurice's choice collection of thoroughbred game fowls, with yellow legs and bronze breasts, had appeared an uncouth mongrel pullet, dust-colored and blue of skin, his exacting widow would not have rejected it more summarily than did her proud soul repudiate the Kent scion whom she housed luxuriously because of Marcia's last prayer, but felt no more desire to caress than to fondle the bullet that slew her husband.

Judge Kent's official duties called him often from the city, and during his visits to his child Mrs. Maurice, if compelled to see him, main-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

THIS month we give our readers a few of the many novel and useful articles which came in response to our prize offer.

Although it is rather early to think of Christmas you will find some of the things useful and attractive to make up ahead for little presents for the holidays.

In this contest considerable originality was displayed and cleverly worked out. An extremely neat and nicely made article was the

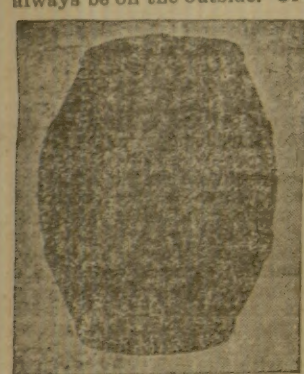
Barrel-shaped Hat-pin Holder

sent in by Miss Ivy Chew.

This can be made of cardboard covered with silk or any smooth, firm material, and consists of seventeen pieces.

For the bottom cut a circle of cardboard two inches in diameter; from the silk cut two circles, one exactly the size of the cardboard one, the other considerably larger. With the larger circle cover the cardboard smoothly on the outside, drawing the extra fullness in little plaits on the inside and securely baste; then stitch the smaller circle on the inside as a lining, first pinning it around to fit, and turning in the raw edges as you stitch.

For the staves cut sixteen pieces of cardboard four and one half inches long, five eighths of an inch wide at the middle and sloping to three eighths of an inch wide at both ends. Cover these with material, cut and stitched the same way as the bottom was covered. When all are neatly covered commence to sew the staves together by overseaming the edges on the wrong side. As you finish sewing each stave to the others, turn it, so the bulge will always be on the outside. Of course when they are all joined it will be found necessary to sew the last to the first on the outside or right side, this makes the barrel round.



BARREL HAT-PIN HOLDER.

Now sew the bottom on by neatly overseaming it to one end of the joined staves. For the hoops cut four strips of the material, on the bias, one half of an inch wide and a trifle more than six inches long; fold each strip twice, so that the raw edges just meet together, catch-stitch the edges smoothly together so you will have a flat hoop one quarter of an inch wide. Carefully blind-stitch one at the top of the barrel, one at the bottom and the other two at equal distances apart around the middle.

Now the barrel is completed fill it partly with emery or very clean dry sand. This will form a ballast so the heavy-headed hat-pins won't upset it; also preserving their points from rust and blunting.

These barrels can be made of very small scraps of material, in fact from pieces too small to be utilized for anything else, and any old discarded pasteboard box may be used for the foundation. They are attractive made of any color, but of course look more realistic made of light-brown or natural wood color. Nearly everyone has some scraps of linings that would make one. Sew them with strong silk or thread that exactly matches the shade of the material used. They will be found more convenient and durable to use than the glass tubes that were so popular last Christmas.

Easter Lily Match Holder

This little article certainly is unique, attractive and useful.

The lily is formed of what is commonly known as the fiber sponge, or perhaps to some as the dish rag plant, as that is what Mrs. McLain calls it.

Take one of these pods and divide the end into four sections, each of which should be neatly covered with white satin.

From the other end of the pod run a wire to form the stems. To which are attached leaves cut from oilcloth, canvas, or any rather heavy material, wired and then painted a dark green. When finished the realistic appearance is enhanced by placing the matches in the center of the lily. It was sent in by



EASTER LILY MATCH HOLDER.

Patchwork Sofa Pillow Cover

The cover shown in the center of this page, illustrates a new way in which small pieces can be utilized and made up into a pleasing pattern.

First select and draw the figure on a piece of white cotton material, then cut from colored

goods the body of the figure, turn in all the edges and baste in place, do the sleeves in the same way. Now outline all edges, the girdle and front of the waist. Then outline the features and hands with light pink or white silk, and back stitch the hair with black silk, and work, or draw in the eye with ink.

In the pillow submitted, the dress was of pink outlined down with white, face and hands worked as described, and the necklace outlined in yellow silk. This was the center square of white which was surrounded by black strips three and one half inches wide, finished in each corner with crocheted rosettes. The pillow is finished with a ruffle of hemmed lawn.

Paper-napkin Ribbon Box

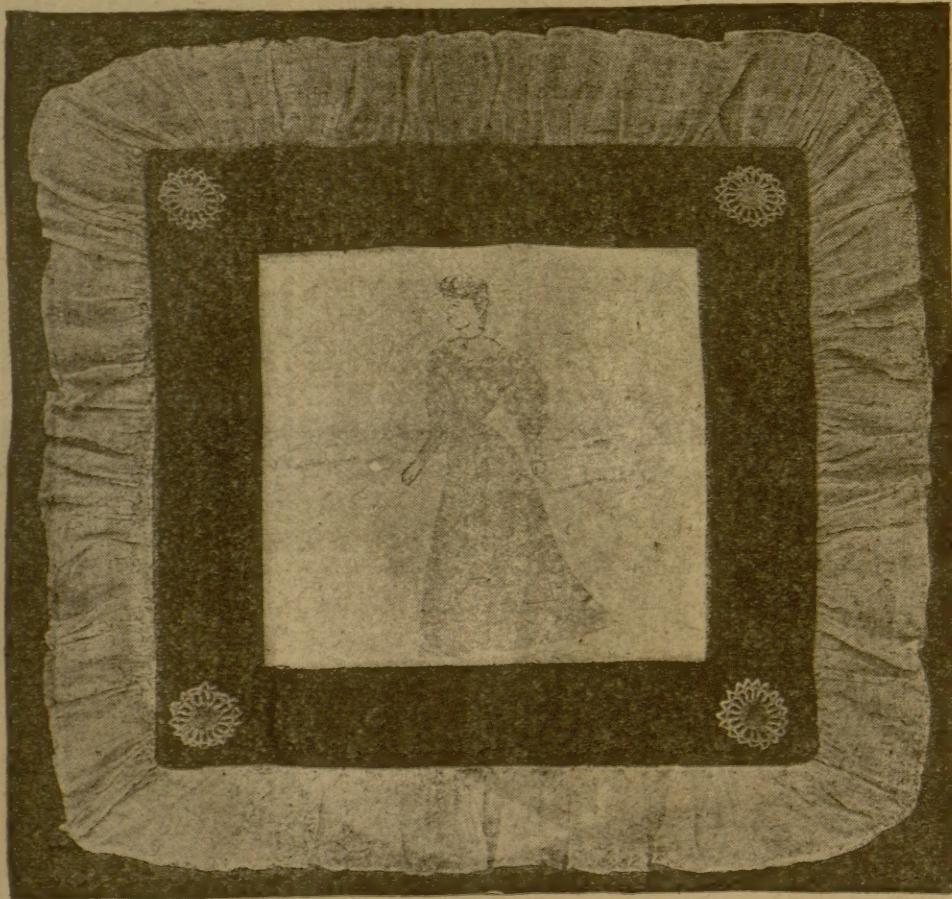
Fancy boxes for the dressing-case are acceptable gifts, and if made like the illustration cost but a trifle. A square box, containing a handkerchief, or a long one containing a col-



RIBBON BOX.

lar, ribbon or necktie, is appreciated by both old and young.

Use common pasteboard for the foundation and make any size or shape desired. The dimensions of the one illustrated are: Sides, twelve by two and one half inches, ends, two



PATCHWORK SOFA PILLOW COVER.

Sent in by Mrs. Lee Christian.

and one half by four and one half inches, top and bottom twelve by four and one half inches.

Cut these pieces out of any firm pasteboard and begin by sewing the sides and ends together, sewing over and over. Now sew the bottom on. Take a strip of muslin about an inch in width and paste directly over the seams where the edges are joined. This covers the stitches and strengthens the box. Take a piece of white paper and paste on the sides and ends of the box, which will cover all marks.

The box shown is made of crepe paper napkins which cost five cents a dozen. In selecting the napkins choose those having small or medium-sized flowers on them, in order to have a spray of flowers all around the box. Now cut a napkin so it will be an inch larger all around than the sides of the box. Cut two like this and two for the ends.

Right here, a word in regard to the paste. I obtain the best results by adding a little cold water to corn starch and then pour on boiling water until the starch is cooked. Don't put the paste on the napkins as they tear and stain if they get very damp. Put the paste thinly but evenly on the foundation, one side at a time and cover with the cut napkin. This completes the sides and ends. Now fix the lid of the box in the same manner arranging the design to suit the maker. Lay away and when dry, paste a piece of white paper on the outside bottom of the box.

I use silkoline as a lining, as it is cheap, soft and pretty. One half yard will make a full lining and some to spare. Cut a piece of thin pasteboard half an inch smaller (on both side and end) than the bottom of the box. Cover this on one side with a piece of cotton wadding which has been sprinkled with sachet powder. Over the wadding put a piece of silkoline.

Take a piece of silkoline twice the length and width of your box and an inch wider than the height of the box. Gather one edge of this and sew around the silkoline covered pasteboard.

Now take a strip of silkoline about an inch wide and long enough to reach around the box. Fold this lengthwise, gather and sew the



GOOD LUCK QUILT BLOCK.

On a square of white applique work a horse-shoe of gray, with white silkateen, outlining the nails with the same as illustrated.

Cut the clover leaves from green and use the same shade in applique, outline the stems of the leaves. Make up the quilt by having alternate blocks of plain green.

MISS HILDA GROSS.

upper edge of the silkoline lining on to it, leaving an inch for an edging. The lining is now already in place in the box. Put some paste on the upper inner edge of the box and press the lining gently against it.

Baste a plain or gathered lining on the inside of the lid, set in place and sew to the box with strong thread. Sew near each end and in the middle. Sew some bows of ribbons over the thread, fasten a bow on the front edge of the

opposite side under check up through the other corner cross to the other until there are twelve threads in all crossed in the center now bring needle up through the center of space, catch all of the threads together by passing the needle back and forth through the cloth, now weave back and forth on nine of the threads until the space is almost full then catch thread on under side and catch or if you have thread enough pass down and up through the center again; sew over and over, draw the thread a little at first then let it come loose so as to make the handle to the fan.

Start the spider web the same as the fan with twelve threads, catch in center only with the white thread, go round each time, take a stitch back under two threads back over one, under two, weave until the space is almost full; this makes twelve little ridges. Start the Roman cross with white only, weaving back and forth on three threads.

Start the butterfly with twelve threads with the yellow, now weave on three threads about one half of an inch, catch thread on under side, now weave in three or four threads of green then three or four threads of black; make the other wing on the opposite side just like it; for the tail weave back and forth on the two outside threads leaving the center thread on top loose for the vein; make the head the same as for the fan handle.

Work the spider in white; he has twelve legs, and you must put in twenty-four threads instead of twelve; put in twelve then twelve more; about an eighth of an inch from the others catch in center, weave on two threads until you have twelve legs, filling up the whole space; arrange them on the pillow in different spaces so no two alike are side by side, then fill in the center with black cross-stitches and the spaces with twelve threads of the different colors of sansilk and catch in the center; this finishes the top.

Put on a four-inch double ruffle of pink muslin lined with pink sateen or you can make it all of the gingham. Care must be taken when weaving in the threads to keep it even and not draw.

MRS. ARTHUR E. DODGE.

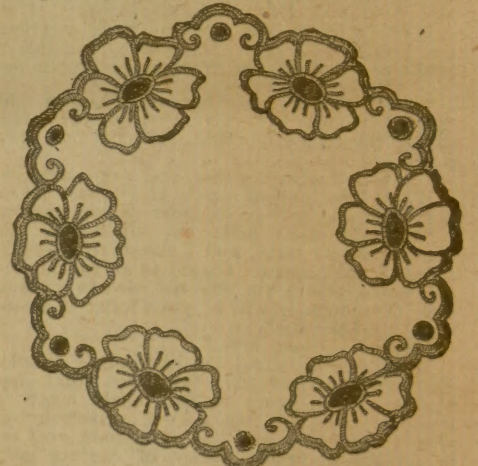
The Floral Wreath Doily

Eyelet work and flat embroidery are combined in working this flower doily. Draw a circle the size you wish the doily to be, divide its circumference into twelve equal sections. The eyelets inclosed in the scallops occupy one of the divisions and the flowers see Fig. 1, are drawn to fill the six equal spaces between. In working the holes, forming the centers



A SINGLE FLOWER. FIG. 1.

of the flowers cut a slit, and turn the cloth back, one piece on each side, then work as usual; this is a better way than to cut out more, for the straight edges prevent the hole from stretch-

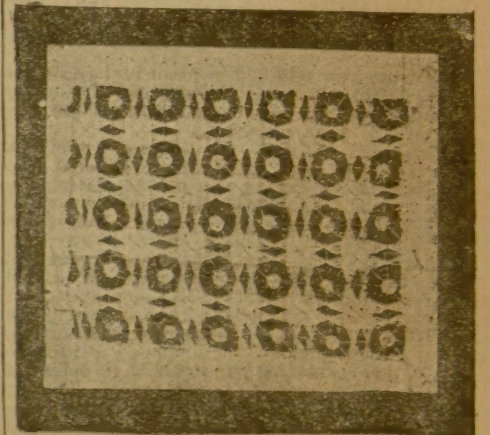


FLORAL WREATH DOILY.

ing. The scallops are slightly padded and worked in solid embroidery. The edges of the flower petals should also be raised by padding.

All-over Drawnwork Design

This pattern is very desirable for the center of doilies. Draw out an inch and one half of threads, leaving the same amount of



ALL-OVER DRAWNWORK DESIGN.

space each way; this will give one square of an inch and one half. Proceed by knotting the threads each way into two equal groups, then cross the squares diagonally and fill in the center of each with a good-sized wheel.

Crocheted Belt

Material used, silk or silkateen and inch-wide satin ribbon.

Double crochet, thread over once. Chain thirteen, turn.

1st row.—Shell (3 d. c., 1 ch., 3 d. c.) in fourth stitch from hook, ch. 3, shell in eighth stitch, ch. 3, shell in last stitch, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 1, 1 s. c. over 3 ch. in center between shells, taking up middle of foundation chain; shell in shell, ch. 1, 1 o., 3 ch. between shells, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn. Repeat from first row.

there will be forty-eight spaces of nine checks each; now fill in the spaces with spiders, spiders' webs, butterflies, and fans. Do the cross-stitching in green.

Make the fans of pink taking a long needleful up through the corner, cross over to the opposite corner, put the needle down through the corner under a check up through, cross to



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as you receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A frequent contributor sends these suggestions:

Living upon a ranch, as I do, with a lot of men to cook for, the flour sacks accumulate until I have a big box full, then I spend a week in making them up into useful articles. I make tea-towels, kitchen aprons and pillow slips for the men's beds and last spring I made six pillow slips with four-inch ruffles all around them. I got a package each of pink, Turkey-red and yellow diamond dyes for cotton and dyed two of the slips with each color. I use them upon the three pillows on the couch in the living-room, and wash one set each week. They are cheerful looking, inexpensive and clean.

When my light cotton dresses and shirt-waists get faded out (as they will in time, for the water is so hard that I have to use lye), I dye them with fast dyes for cotton and have new garments.

Do you all know that a mitten made of velvet or a small cushion of the same with a strap to slip the hand through is the best thing to clean dust from your silk skirts? Just try it once and you will never again use a whisk broom or a brush.

Instead of putting a paper bag over your lamp chimneys to keep out the dust, make a covering of crepe paper that will fit the chimney and where the paper is drawn up at the top pull it out to form a ruffle and fasten a tiny bunch of paper flowers in the center.

Mrs. H. L. MILLER, Glendive, Montana.

Mrs. Hulin writes of Hartstine Island: This is one of the finest places which is still thinly settled, the climate is ideal, very healthy, a good place for poultry or crops. Here the grass is green all the year around, the sky blue and life one long sweet song. We live close to the water and have a gasoline launch which we enjoy greatly. I am from Maine, but have been here twenty years and was the first white woman on the island.

I should be pleased to hear from COMFORT readers and will gladly give information relative to this locality.

Mrs. H. O. HULIN, Olympia, Wash.

The price of a year's subscription (15c.) now pays up to December, 1908.

Poultry raisers may find the following of value:

To rid hen nests of mites sprinkle tobacco into them, the stronger the better.

To rid a setting hen of mites pour boiling water over a couple of handfuls of tobacco and add a few drops of carbolic acid and wash the hens where the mites seem to be the thickest.

For any kind of bowel trouble in chickens try a few drops of castor-oil and turpentine mixed; this is an experiment of my own which proved a success. Mrs. JULIA MUSGROVE, Bussey, Ia.

Mrs. L. Black, Kewanee, R. F. D., 5 Ill., writes that she would be glad to have one of the poor tired teachers, of whom J. A. D. speaks, come to her for a few weeks, for a rest. This is a generous offer and one which, without doubt, some girl will be glad to accept. Write direct to Mrs. Black for particulars.

A kind sympathetic sister sends the following:

I have just read the names of some who have rheumatism. To these I advise trying the following recipes. As there are so many different kinds of rheumatism, one wants to keep on trying until one finds something to suit the case.

Mrs. Almeta Hoskins, Augustus, Kans. If I lived near, I would run in to see you, as you are so lonely. Read your Bible and trust in the Lord.

Two Tested Remedies for Rheumatism

No. 1 is two ounces of Oil of Sassafras put in a pint bottle and filled up with the best alcohol. Bathe often—also take three drops on lump of loaf sugar after each meal.

No. 2 Take a quart bottle and put in it Oil of Anise, one half ounce; Oil of Oregano, two ounces; Chloroform, one ounce; Sulphuric Ether, one ounce; Oil of Sassafras, one half ounce; Oil of Hemlock, one half ounce; Oil of Wintergreen, one half ounce; Spirits of Turpentine, one half ounce; Aqua Ammonia, one half ounce; fill up with best alcohol. Apply often.

Mrs. H. E. DECOUSSAY, Diamond, R. F. D., 1, Mo.

Read opening chapters of new stories and our subscription announcement in this issue.

Our next is from Mississippi and comes from another motherless one:

My mother has been dead about a year. How little we appreciate our mothers until they are gone. Then it is that we realize that we each can have only one mother.

I keep house for my father and brothers as well as my husband. My brother is a shut-in. He has not walked for four years, but goes in a rolling chair.

Mrs. West. I am not an advocate of early marriages, either, though I married at nineteen,

two years ago and think I have the best husband in the world and the sweetest baby ten months old.

I love fancy work and flowers, but our yard is so full of cedars and crape myrtle that nothing else will grow, so I am trying to get a collection of pot plants. I would be pleased to receive slips of anything and will return favors.

Mrs. R. E. MOONEY, R. F. D., No. 3, Lexington, Miss.

An Illinois sister writes as follows:

I have decided to make myself known in this corner, as I can be a silent reader no longer.

My father was a Methodist minister and well known in Mo., Ky., Tenn. and Ill. He died when I was eight years old and I have only a vague memory of him. Mother lived for twenty years after father died, and then passed away very suddenly one Easter morning, from paralysis. Easter is always a sad occasion for me, and more than once I have spent the day in tears and sadness.

I have a dear baby boy fifteen months old, who takes away some of the sad thoughts from my mind. He is the light and joy of my heart. I am sure you will all agree with me that no home is complete without a baby.

Mrs. NANNIE WILSON, Patoka, Ill.

New stories, "A Speckled Bird," and "Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," begin in this issue. Don't miss them.

Maggie Winkler, Morgantown, R. F. D., 3, Ind., writes an interesting letter from which we print the following:

The paper is not only COMFORT in name; some-one was wise in choosing it, for surely it has been a comfort to many. I agree with Prudence Morast that a verse at the head of our corner would be helpful—for instance:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

For sometime I have allowed myself to worry and fret, but I've turned over a new leaf for the remainder of this year. I'm trying to keep this in mind, this thought,

"If we trust, we do not worry, If we worry we do not trust."

Now, sisters, isn't this true?

What a great responsibility we mothers have in trying to bring up our children in the true way. We should be so careful to teach them that though they may do and say evil things, unknown to us, there's one who sees all things. And we cannot begin too early.

My dear mother died when I was but ten years old, but those sweet precious lessons she taught me, I cherish them in my memory still!

Mrs. Wm. L. Brown, says that she is poor, but they all have their health. We are poor too; my health is not good. A year ago last June I underwent a big operation, which cost much. Health surely is one of, if not the greatest blessing, in the world.

I have one dear little boy, three years old, he is good and obeys everything I say.

"Miss Estella Freeland. I agree with you about having patience with the dear little folks. I am at times so nervous, that I fall into a

chair, and then I tell my boy to run away and let mamma rest, or give him a book or something to play with till I feel better. One thing I do not believe in, is whipping children; when my son does anything wrong I just look at him in surprise, or get up and say I wonder where my whip is, and he jumps, and says, 'No, mamma.' I did that from the time he walked, and it has always helped, although I never whipped him. Many mothers, of whom I know make this mistake: when a child comes for a kiss or with a question, they turn them off and say, 'I am too busy, run along.' I never do it and I know of one poor mother who will never cease to regret having refused her darling a kiss.

"She was busy making him a suit to wear to a picnic the next day. When he came in and said, 'Mamma, I love you, I want to kiss you,' she answered, 'I have no time just now, I am very busy.' He ran out with the other children, but in a few minutes, amid a confusion of voices, she heard her name called and running out, saw her baby had fallen into a pool of water. He went down for the last time calling for her, before assistance arrived. So many times she has said, heartbrokenly, 'Oh, if I had only kissed him!'

"This sad instance made such an impression on me that, no matter when my boy comes I always take time to love him and attend to his wants. What do you think, sisters? Am I right or not?

"Love, kindness and a little praise makes life much easier. I love the poem ending with this verse:

"Oh friends, I pray tonight, Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—The way is lonely, let me feel them now. Think gently of me; I am travel worn: My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn. Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive I plead. When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need The tenderness for which I long tonight."

"I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters. May God's blessing rest on each."

Mrs. ANNA BARDET, Allentown, R. F. D., 2, Pa.

Mrs. Harry H. Beeler, Holbrook, R. F. D., 2, Neb., requests Mrs. R. L. McClintock, Penfield, Pa., to write her.

If "St. Elmo" appealed to you, "A Speckled Bird," by the same author, will delight you.

George B. Whites:

Mrs. Dades. I think you are right. We certainly have more sympathy for others if we have passed through the fire ourselves.

Mrs. Solis. You must have a lovely home. We too, think the Morning Glory vine is the prettiest.

Will the one who sent in the "Autumn Leaf" quilt block please write me? I wish you all a successful and pleasant season.

GEORGIA BISSELL, Shushan, N. Y.

It is COMFORT that sets the pace; in COMFORT are all the good things FIRST. Our latest offering is a subscription until December, 1908, for 15 cents.

Anna Brosselt, 1108 Avery Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., wishes to apologize to those who did not receive seeds. Her supply gave out, the letters arrived so fast.

A grateful sister writes to thank all who remembered her in any way, and sends this information in regard to Montana, as so many asked about the climate, etc.:

"Many people think Montana is very cold, but we do not find it any colder than New York State. In the winter snow is not deep where we are; we have good sleighing up in the mountains, but down in the Ruby Valley they scarcely ever have more than two inches of snow; last winter was an exception, and they had to feed their stock about two months. In the summer the sun shines nearly all the time. It's lovely in the shade, and the nights are always cool. The air is dry and light and has been the means of restoring my health, which was poor. When I came here I could not walk across the street alone, but not more than two weeks after I came, I could walk to the top of the foothills; and two years later I weighed more than I ever did in my life.

When we first came in sight of the Rockies, I thought it the most barren looking country I ever beheld; the gray sage brush and great gray mountains were some different from New York State with its green fields and trees and streams. But it was a change and became interesting the farther West we came. Some of the mountains were covered with evergreen trees, and where the land was irrigated it was a beautiful green, and it really was a great contrast to the gray sage brush, but of all lonesome looking places was the county seat of Madison Co., Virginia City. We would never call such a place a city in New York State. The entrance was called Chinatown; they had a place of worship and held their Chinese New Year's in Feb. There were two Chinese women among them; one was born and educated here in the public schools and was sent back as an interpreter to their people. It's a quaint old mining town known as 'The Famous Alder Gulch' all over the world, for its wealth of gold and the many crimes committed in the sixties. There are a few good buildings, such as a High School, two churches, Courthouse, City Hall, one butcher shop, Masonic Hall, and one or two very good stores, and a few well built dwellings, plenty of saloons and poor accommodations for travelers. The nearest station is Alder, ten miles from there. We left Virginia City the 20th of Feb. 1903, for the Ruby Valley and mountains beyond, known as the Tobacco Range, where among the timber I regained my health. A year or two later we fled on our homestead in the Ruby Valley, and about a year later we moved where we now own our sawmill. We are on government land in the 'Forest Reserve,' the timber is too hard to get for the stumpage we pay. We would like to get out of the reserve into a good timber region where we could do better, where the water is pure as it is here, and as healthy a climate, where there is a chance of starting a colony of good Christian people.

"I think the Home Workers' page very helpful and the many letters are interesting. It has always been my great desire to have money to help, and cheer the poor and helpless, but for some reason God has kept me where I have had but very little to give, although He has greatly blessed me with little things to do in His name. I believe in giving a tenth of what I receive and love to tell all the suffering ones what a treasure I have found in the Saviour. There is nothing can destroy the peace I have with God. No matter what trials come I find comfort in Him and Him alone. Dear suffering shut-ins, look to Him who is able to comfort you and help you in the time of need. When we are suffering we will find others who are worse off than we are, and if we can help someone else we forget our own sufferings! I have tried it, dear ones.

"Every deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has promised us a bright reward.

We are building day by day, as the moments glide away, Our temple which the world may not see; Every victory won by grace will be sure to find its place In our building for eternity."

"Even a cup of cold water given in his name, will not be overlooked by our Father in Heaven, God bless you all!"

Mrs. MELISSA A. WILCOX, Sheridan, Mont.

Miss Bertie Harris, Box 50, Adamsville, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., a young woman of twenty-four years, asks if any of the sisters can send her a harmless, effective remedy for reducing flesh. She is five feet four inches in height and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

"St. Elmo" has been concluded; every reader of COMFORT should have the complete story in book form. Read our offer in another part of this issue.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long wished to join your genial circle. I am a widow and a "shut-in." I have not drawn a breath free from pain for twenty-five years. Rheumatism drew my head down, I cannot hold it up a moment without resting my chin upon my hand, and can only move it a little. I feel deeply grateful to our Heavenly Father that it is my disposition to be cheerful and hopeful. I try to find the bright side of life, always. When darkness will spread, its sable wing above me, I remember that "Night brings out stars" and begin to look for their coming, and they come.

I am a music teacher. I can stand by the piano and instruct the pupils without having to hold up my head. My right arm was paralyzed for eighteen months, but I am very thankful that I can use my hand again—not as I once did, but for a few hours.

I enjoy fancy work. Will someone send me a few silk or satin scraps, for sofa pillows? I would also be glad to receive designs in cross-stitch. I will return the favors in any way I can.

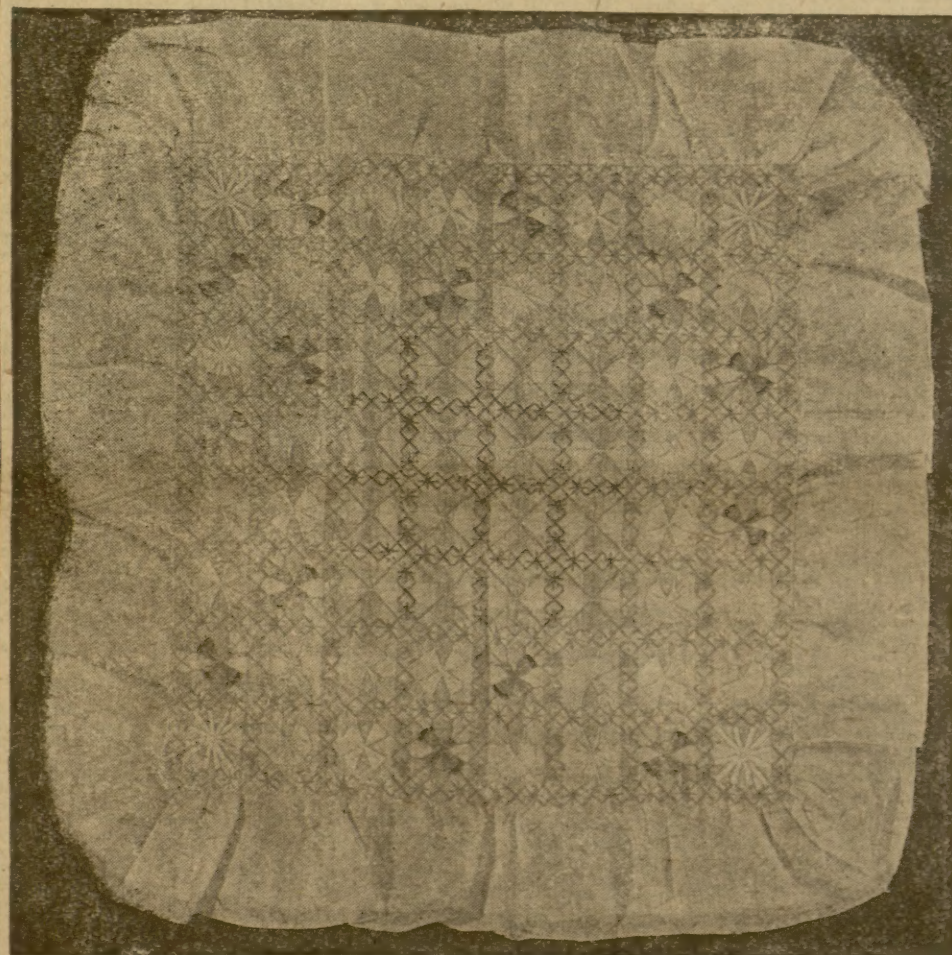
I can deeply sympathize with all the sufferers whose names appear in COMFORT, and wish it were in my power to give relief to everyone—God knows what is best for us all. Through the mist of falling tears we catch the rainbow hues of heaven. Let us not be despondent, though we walk through the fire and flame of affliction, a loving Father is leading us.

FANNIE B. THOMPSON, Sheridan, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Let me try to interest you all by telling how twelve hens fed me for three months, almost without any other pecuniary help. They commenced to lay on Jan. 16th, and on Apr. 16th of this year they had laid 508 eggs. Their feed was some spoiled corn with a mash of meal and corn. Bran once a week. Fresh water was always provided. They ranged in a wood and roosted on a rail fence. I had built them a henhouse, but they never would roost in it, a leaky roof was no doubt the reason. I am always providing new nests, and they like this habit of mine, and keep free from vermin. Of course I am not able to have pate de fois gras very often, or venison more than every other day, but the quantity of eggs I get kept the wolf a long distance from the door.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



PINK AND WHITE GINGHAM SOFA PILLOW.

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritan strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the within Judge Blodgett's office. Eugene will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the object to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us," Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his partings with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. The parting comes; the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and softly says, "God will take care of him."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he has engaged is like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trust, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trust, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a mistle and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride on. Eugene has a long ride. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. Will she see him at the reception? Arriving late, Victoria meets him. She leads him to the deserted East room, to show the new orohid her uncle buys. He knows but little about orchids, only the wildings of his New Hampshire woods, and she tells of the beauties of the New England flowers, of his boyhood home, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Victoria rouses from her abstraction. Ambition is the thing that lifts man above the level of the brute. It is the crown of power and long sits with the highest of the land. Does he blame her? How can he? As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him, he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran take him for a dastard—he can't do his worst. Corcoran admits his grudge, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Corcoran grasps his hand. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to wall. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. She sees Gene; the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! he is married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sleeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures it to his wife. Victoria wishes for an apartment house where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not take a penny that is not rightfully his. They return to Washington, and visit the house Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and falls to musing. He sees a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashion white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the picture of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby girl looks at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the room. He is to find a nurse. Four months later and Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begs of him not to play with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unexpectedly yet with a repugnance toward Corcoran. Victoria leaves them to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is borne the cry of a child—a little boy—and Gene looks down with wonder and delight at that old, old mystery—birth. In the following months Gene tries to arrive at a better understanding with his wife. Victoria rarely visits the nursery. Gene enters and finds the nurse discharging her duty in tears. Mrs. Warfield insists upon giving laudanum to the baby—the nurse refuses without the doctor's order and she discharges her, and from that hour the baby droops.

Congress meets and the Warfields spend the summer at a fashionable watering place where Victoria is admired. Corcoran is there, and Gene is unmindful of the whispered insinuations concerning his wife. He gives his time to his boy, and the little hands pluck down the altar, where Warfield had placed his idol, Ambition. They return to Washington and again Victoria is disturbed by the wailing of the baby—refuses laudanum. The nurse, by order of Mr. Warfield, refuses to administer it. Victoria attempts to give it to the little one who gasps "mamma, mamma!" She lifts her hand to strike when Gene wards off the blow, and reading the label on the bottle he dashes it to the floor. Victoria strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast, and sits down before his desk. He opens and reads a letter from his mother. She can never call him great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as pass the House of Representatives. He knows his mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. John is spoiling Theta. She may lose the dear girl. The young doctor comes often. Let us know about the baby. The child sits and wails "mamma, mamma!" He has no mamma—no one but dadda.

CHAPTER XI.

THE AWAKENING.

THE bill is infamous," Warfield's voice was calm, his face white and the sensitive lips quivered.

Corcoran, cool, calm and commanding, gave a shrug of his huge shoulders.

"As you please, Warfield. As long as the bill passes, it matters little what title you give it."

"Corcoran," Gene went on, "you understand what the passage of this bill means to my constituents—to the American people. I have done your bidding—I have been your willing tool in all things—and now you ask me to consummate my villainy toward the honest men who elected me by giving support to this—I repeat—this infamous bill."

Again Corcoran shrugged his shoulders, an evil smile playing about his lips.

"I not only ask it but I demand it. Call it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime; it means vast wealth, more money and more power. For years I have bent all my energies to the preparation of this bill. The time is now ripe for its passage. It remains for you to make

good your promises. You have done my bidding, and I thank you for your obedience. I have kept every promise I made to you. I have done more. I have given you repeated opportunities to make money and these you have chosen to refuse. Some whisper of the state of your finances has been borne to me—You have passed the effect of this. Gene winced. A few days before the knowledge of Victoria's extravagance had descended upon him in the shape of an avalanche of bills, and these he had paid although it had taken the last dollar he possessed. He made no reply to Corcoran's last words.

"I understand how matters are with you financially, Warfield, and I promise for the safe passage of this bill—which means so much to me personally—a hundred thousand dollars of Harvester Trust Stock shall be yours. Also, a higher place awaits you. The Senate—"

"Here's a pretty how-de-do, Gene," interrupted a genial voice, as a short, pudgy figure pushed itself into the room. "I told that fellow out there in the swallow-tail that if I'd got to be anything like some eastern potentate."

"Judge Blodgett!" Gene, glad in his soul for the interruption, advanced with outstretched hand. "This is certainly good of you. You have, I believe, met Mr. Corcoran before?"

"I have had the honor," the judge replied ironically.

Corcoran bowed coldly. The two had met frequently in Excelsior but no friendship existed between them.

"I hoped for a few more words in private," Corcoran said eying the judge askance.

"Anything you care to add may be said in the presence of my old friend," Gene replied proudly.

"As you please," rejoined the boss with a sneer. "It is only this: I shall look for a strong speech in support of the bill when it comes up tomorrow. I am full minute he looked at Warfield, who returned his stare with interest, while the judge, hands in his pockets, looked out the window, then with an abrupt, "Good day," Corcoran stalked out.

"Every man has his price," he reflected sagely, "and I offered him a good one. It is worth it. The passage of this bill will crown the ambitions of my life—to fall in this is to fall in all. I shall not fail. I must put the finish to that other matter, too. I wouldn't have believed it possible that any woman could have—and I—I am mad with impatience." As these thoughts passed through his mind he pushed open the great bronze door and entered his automobile.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the judge, making a wry face. "I'm glad that man is gone. Makes me think of his Satanic Majesty. But what on earth he broke off, laying his hands on Gene's shoulders and twisting his around toward the light, "have you been doing to yourself? You look ten years older and the hair on your temples is as white as cotton."

A short dry laugh broke from Warfield.

"When a man preempts a quarter section in purgatory you'd expect his hair to turn white, wouldn't you, judge?"

"By the looks of you, I should imagine you have been living in the territory further on. But I like that idea of purgatory—that sort of half way place where a man can always turn back if he wants to. Look here, Warfield," dropping the half bantering tone with which he began and growing serious, "are you going to obey Corcoran? I couldn't help hearing a part of what he was saying and I want to know whether or not you are going to support that measure tomorrow?"

Warfield's face was a picture of indecision.

"Upon my soul," he said slowly, "I can't tell you."

The judge came close and laid a hand on the younger man's shoulder in an affectionate way.

"By your own confession, Gene, you haven't found this life as happy as you expected?"

"Happy?" Gene uttered the word mockingly. "I have suffered all the tortures I deserve. My soul has been steeped in infamy—the only worship is being sacrificed on the altar of filly—my wife—"

"—he stopped short the blood rushing in a flood of shame to his face.

"Ambition then was not worth the price you paid for it?" the judge asked gently.

"No, no a thousand times!" The answer was torn from Gene.

"My boy," the judge continued, "there is a turning point in every man's life, a time when he must choose between good and evil. Once you made a choice that I advised against and it failed to bring you happiness. Warfield," he went on, with, for prosaic old Judge Blodgett, a queer sort of quaver in his voice, "I am not a praying man—as you know, I have never believed much in the efficacy of prayer—and yet I wish all the prayers your old mother has uttered for you could have reached out to the Great Spirit in the Unknown and that today that Presence was watching over you. And Gene," something between a chuckle and a sob in his tone, "I want you to remember that there is more rejoicing over one sinner that repents than over ninety-nine just persons." As he uttered the last word he made a break for the door.

"What!" exclaimed Gene, "you are not going so soon?"

"Yes, I promised Mrs. Blodgett I'd get back to attend a matinee with her this afternoon and it is pretty nearly the hour now. Remember, Gene," he held up a warning finger, "we will be up there in the gallery tomorrow—Mrs. Blodgett and I—and we will be listening to every word you say." He went out closing the door behind him.

Warfield, still with that look of indecision on his face, paced up and down his narrow room.

The hour for the debate of the Harvester Trust Bill had arrived. It had been made a special order for this day, at this hour. The bill was termed "An Act to Aid the American Manufacturer." It was, in reality, an endeavor on the part of the paid hirelings of this great trust to stifle the last vestige of competition in the manufacture and sale of this class of farm implements.

All the long night before Warfield had not slept. In his mind there had raged a fierce argument. The thoughts had forced themselves in amid the conflict of emotions and demands of duty similar to the scene on the canvass which records the views of the moving pictures. All night he had battled with himself between ambition and conscience, and as the morning broke, the conflict ceased with a complete victory in favor of the latter.

For years he had yielded his better feelings to the demands of ambition. His true nature had remained in the background, stifled and dissatisfied. At last it had demanded a hearing. As he arose in his seat, he felt a momentary weakness, followed by renewed and unexpected strength. Raising his right arm and beckoning in the direction of the speaker's desk, his voice was clear and distinct: "Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives!"

There was the usual din of voices, as it had not been expected there would be any real resistance to the passage of this bill. Those who had it in charge had relied upon this speech to add his support to the passage of the bill, therefore, but little attention was paid as he began his argument. The pages flitted here and there, but few members of the assembly were in their seats, and those gave little heed.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to the privilege of speaking against the passage of this measure."

There was a hasty consultation a few seats from where he stood. Messengers were dispatched to the lobbies and cloak rooms.

"It has been understood my remarks upon this bill would favor its passage, and so they would have, but for the awakening of a conscience long sleeping. Before I speak directly to this measure, I ask the privilege of my colleagues to make a statement; I fear it will be more of a confession."

The assembly hall was fast filling. Indifferent members were taking their seats and exciting efforts were displayed by the members who had promised the trust a safe passage of the bill. Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, a few years ago I was an unknown lawyer of the West struggling for existence and endeavoring to satisfy an unquenchable ambition. This morning, I realize what that ambition has cost and it is not satisfied.

"Through the backing of this great corporation I have risen in politics, I am permitted to sit at the desk before me, I am honored as a member of this the greatest American law-making body. The ambition is no more satisfied than the drunkard's craving thirst. I have fed it all I could obtain. I have sacrificed not only my honor but the welfare of those whose confidences I hold, and for what? That I might live in grandeur, that I might associate with the idle non-producing class who dwell in luxury, and laugh at necessity!" he exclaimed dramatically.

"I have not been bought," and his arms went straight up pointing to the magnificent paintings in the ceiling, his eyes now turned to catch the light coming in the windows above.

"I have not been bought, oh! God, no! And yet, I have. I have not handled their money but I have been bought. I have drunk their wine, I have been certain of their expense. It was their money that furnished the campaign fund to elect me. Slowly I have receded from my ideals. Not once, but many times, I have bid my sense of duty, be still. I have strangled my better self until I am nothing. The taste of this slow poison has been sweet, but its ruin sure."

"While walking my room last night I took stock of my moral nature and this morning in a spirit of deepest humility, I declare myself a moral bankrupt. I find the old convictions are all gone; the beautiful ideals of youth call back from distance. I am here in flesh and with voice, but while I speak over yonder is taking place a hurried consultation among other moral bankrupts to still further carry out the wishes of their masters."

His lips were parched. Raising a cool glass of pure water, he drank deeply, a cooler breeze blew in from across the botanical gardens, cooling his fevered brow. It seemed to him the breath of freedom.

A member was trying to get the floor.

"Mr. Speaker, I will not yield. Gentlemen of this assembly I must not yield to any man until I have set myself right with those honest men who elected me; right with the whole world."

"It is not enough that I make this body my confessor; I must use my remaining strength to right, so far as it lies in my power, the wrongs not yet complete. This bill must not pass. Those people who elected me must not be further denied their rights. Those simple people living as all should live, drawing their inspirations from nature's rugged bosom and craving no greater luxury than the dying sunset, they have trusted me. I have betrayed that trust while my conscience was dragged with false standards. The press has lauded me, corporation money and influence have hired my praises sung, but the music of honest praise has never sounded in my ears. I am not alone, other members of this body are equally guilty."

"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" rang from a dozen throats.

The gavel sounded harshly and the chair announced the speaker might proceed.

"Mr. Speaker, I will not add the infamy of dragging down other characters. Let each one here, by the franchise of the people, answer for his conscience and to his constituents as I am answering. Their consciences will awake as mine has done. When that awakening comes, and it will come; when the great common people are finally aroused, no government can permanently endure which does not provide equally for the peace, prosperity and welfare of all its people. As Tolstoy says: 'Mothers will teach their sons that all men are brothers, and that the only enemy they have is the man who wants to rule and exploit them, then we will have the women the world needs—who will raise sons with a higher manhood than the world has ever known.' When those men are here in our places the silent prayer of children forced into slavery in the factories and the mills, will not go out in vain. Their right to education; their right to live themselves for manhood and womanhood will no longer then be denied them; that this free America by their sacrifice shall support a millionaire class, a non-productive aristocracy of idlers and oppressors."

From the galleries came a faint applause and faint though it was, it rekindled the spark of dying manhood and gave him strength to go on. "Gentlemen, I am not blinded to the power of wealth, nor its influence in this body, nor is my ambition all dead. It is alive but it is under control. It must be satisfied henceforth with second place. My honor, though blackened by the speeches I have delivered upon this floor in favor of corporate interests and against the welfare of the great masses, shall be redeemed. I warn you, Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, that this bill cannot pass. Though the influence of this power be great, there is yet a preponderance of honesty in this body and I am in possession of sufficient evidence of corruption in favor of this bill to cause its defeat. My ultimatum to those furthering its interests is to withdraw the measure or prepare for a public exposure and the consequences of that exposure."

Warfield paused and the silence was intense.

"Mr. Speaker, just a few words more. The time is now come that I should serve notice upon those of this body who secretly represent corporate interests that the balance of my term of service shall be devoted to the interests I was elected to represent. You may know where I stand upon every measure proposed. It may mean my defeat, should I seek reelection—"

His hand sought his vest pocket and brought forth the watch his mother had given him. He wished to know how many more minutes he could speak. As the case opened he caught his mother's picture. Then replacing the timepiece, he continued:

"But it will not, it cannot mean the scorn of the mother who gave me birth; it will not mean the distrust of those who have loved me and prayed that my manhood be preserved, while surrounded by this seething whirlpool of temptation. It will not mean a farther distance between myself and my ideals, between ambition and honor; it will not mean nightmares with hollow-eyed children and half clad men and women. It will not mean, it cannot mean the further sacrifice of everything that is good and pure and true. If defeat it is, I welcome it and with it the peace of right and justice which can come only where honor is the judge in dealings between men."

Warfield ceased speaking, but remained stand-

ing, his face gradually losing its intensity, the muscles relaxing into an expression of contentment. His colleagues, first to recognize what the effort had cost him in strength, sprang to his side and grasped his hand in silent admiration. Then the demonstration became general. Recognizing that the battle was at least temporarily lost a member on the other side of the hall arose and gaining the speaker's attention moved that the bill be tabled, which motion carried without opposition, and after a few minor matters had been disposed of, the house adjourned until the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Outwardly cool but inwardly a tumult of emotions, Corcoran listened until the last echoes of applause following Warfield's speech died away, then, despite his strong anger, an expression of reluctant admiration was forced from him.

"There go the hopes of a lifetime," he thought, "shattered to fragments by the breath of one man. I have failed just when success was in my grasp and all my schemes and at least temporarily lost a member on the other side of the hall arose and gaining the speaker's attention moved that the bill be tabled, which motion carried without opposition, and after a few minor matters had been disposed of, the house adjourned until the morrow."

People were rapidly leaving the galleries and Corcoran was on the point of following when a light touch was laid on his arm and turning he encountered the startled gaze of Victoria.

"I can't understand it, Corcoran, please explain it to me. What has Warfield done—what sort of game has he been playing?"

"It is very simple," Corcoran replied with a characteristic shrug of his huge shoulders, "and he holds all the winning cards. As for me it has come to a show-down and I don't hold even a pair of deuces. But wait—wait till he goes back to the West to stand for reelection. Out there I'll beat him—yes—if in doing it I send my soul to perdition." A look so dark and threatening came over his face as he spoke, a little child glancing up in passing shrank away in fright.

Victoria heard the threat and there struggled into her consciousness a thought of Warfield's unflinching kindness to herself, of all he had borne from her, and a feeling akin to pity stole into her heart. She came close to Corcoran and looked up at him appealingly.

"Would you not spare him, Michael—for my sake?" she asked softly.

The softened look on her proud face made Victoria very beautiful and as Corcoran's eyes ran over the curves of her perfect figure, coming back to the lovely lips with their brilliant coloring, he bent nearer, devouring her with his glance.

"Would I spare him? No. But I would spare you. Listen to me! You must!" He leaned closer, whispering something in her ear, and as she listened to the low rapid words something elemental and savage stirred her and the hungry flame crept from his eyes to hers.

Big, massive, impelling he towered above her, and she looked up submissively with a silent nod of her head. A smile lit up his rugged face.

"I know the state of Warfield's finances, and I know also you love pretty things." As he spoke he pulled out a check book and wrote something in a quick nervous hand, tore it out and handed it to her.

Victoria looked down at the paper in her hand, saw it was a check made payable to her, and a sudden wave of shame swept over her. When she again looked up at him the tears were standing in her big eyes.

"Heavens, how you insult me! I love you—because I can no longer resist—but I cannot—cannot take it." And with the gesture of an offended queen she thrust the check back upon him.

Something in her action, but more in the sight of those tears, stirred the depths of the man's dark soul.

"Victoria," he cried impetuously, "I wish my wife were dead and you divorced that I might marry you tomorrow."

She smiled, for the words pleased her.

"Look, Michael," she said, "all the people have gone and there is my maid looking for me. I must say good by."

"Good by," he whispered softly.

Then she left him.

As Corcoran looked after her retreating form suddenly the glamour faded and an intense disgust for all he had done, for all that he purposed doing, came over him.

"And that little pinch of rose-colored dust a man would peril his soul," he thought. "How damnable is my act, there be a hell it yawns for such men as I, and yet how deeply she must love me—that woman who is willing to throw away the love of such a man as Warfield—for me. But away with these thoughts of morality."

Corcoran was in the act of stepping into his automobile when a messenger boy reached his side.

He broke the seal and read:

"Your wife is dead. Come at once."

"So," he muttered as he thrust the despatch into his pocket and hastily pulled out a timetable, "one wish has come true. Let me see—there is a train I can get within an hour and another that goes at seven in the morning. No one knows of this—and I think I will wait and take the morning train. My nerves are all unstrung and I need an hour or two of sleep before I meet her tonight. Well, the cocaine bottle will yield me that—blessed cocaine."

When Warfield reached home the nurse met him with a grave face. Startled, his first thought was of his child.

"The baby?" he cried.

The woman regarded him silently for a moment. During the months she had spent in the Warfield household her sympathies had gone over to the side of Gene and as much as one of his cold nature could, she pitied him.

"The child is much worse, but there is no immediate fear of death unless a sudden change should take place. It is now in a stupor and may continue so for hours."

Gene reeled, the words struck him with the suddenness of a blow. Regaining control of himself he hastened to the bedside of the little one. As he looked at the tiny face in an agony of fear the nurse said gently:

"Mr. Warfield, there is really nothing you can do here, and you were up all last night. Go and take a few hours rest and if there is any change I will call you."

"I cannot bear the thought of leaving him." "Believe me, it is best." Gene yielded at length to her importunities, but before retiring to refresh his brain with long delayed sleep he wrote a letter to someone up in the hills of New Hampshire and two days later when it was received and read and re-read aloud to Uncle John, there was a new struggle raging in the heart of the one who had read it and a prayer of thanksgiving came from the lips of the mother too deep for mortal understanding.

The letter written, Gene threw himself fully dressed on a couch in the library and fell instantly into a dreamless sleep.

From this he was suddenly awakened by a snatch of gay opera music and Victoria in full evening costume entered. As Gene sprang up she gave him a startled glance.

"I didn't know—I didn't expect to find you here," she said in some confusion.

"He stretched out his hands pleadingly."

"Victoria, our child is alarmingly ill—will you not remain at home this evening?"

The confusion of her manner deepened and a flush rose to her face.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTERRUPTED BATTLE.

"SAY dat ag'in, an' I'll make yer sorry for it!"

"You will?"

"Yes, I will."

"It 'ud take more'n you ter do it."

"Oh, yer t'ink it wud. See?"

The speakers were not, as the reader probably imagines, a couple of newsboys or boot-blacks.

They were members of the great army of children and youth whom a hard Fate condemns to earn a precarious livelihood by selling papers, flowers, etc., on the crowded streets of our great cities.

What a schooling for a young girl!

The dialogue with which our story opens took place at the corner of Frankfort Street and Park Row, where the newsboys and news-girls are wont to congregate at certain hours of the day.

The disputants were well-known characters in that neighborhood.

One was named Madge Mason, the other Annie Kelly.

As it is with the former that our story has principally to deal, we will speak of her first.

If our readers have decided because of her "tough" dialect that there was anything "tough" in her appearance, let us haste to correct the mistake.

Though she was clothed in rags, there was something in Madge Mason's appearance, the way in which she carried herself, the poise of her head, that distinguished her from the rest of the crowd by which she was surrounded.

She was apparently in her fifteenth year. Her form, though slight, was well proportioned; her face was strikingly beautiful.

Imagine an oval outline, olive complexion, dark, flashing eyes, a small, exquisitely formed nose, red, pouting lips, and all crowned by a wealth of tangled black hair, and the picture of Madge Mason is before your mind's eye.

As for her companion, she was simply a type of the wretched denizens of the neighborhood—coarse-featured, common in every movement, bearing the unmistakable stamp of the iron hand of Poverty.

The threat with which our story opens was uttered by Madge.

Annie Kelly had called her a liar and she had replied:

"Say dat ag'in an' I'll make yer sorry fer it."

Both of these untutored children of the street were very "mad."

Madge's cheeks were flushed with anger, and as Annie shouted the last contemptuous taunt she hissed:

"I'll show yer ef I kin make yer sorry or not!"

And she sprang upon the other girl like a little tigress.

But two of the boys rushed forward and pulled them apart.

"Quit dat now, Madge," said one of them, a good-natured looking, freckle-faced lad of about fifteen. "Fightin' ain't no business fer gals."

"You let me go, Dave Lane," panted Madge, "or I'll scratch yer eyes out."

"Oh, no, I guess you won't," grinned the boy, who was holding her in a vise-like grip. "Now keep quiet, Madge, kinder cool down; I don't want to see you hurt."

"See me hurt?" sneered the girl; "yer won't see me hurt, but yer'll see her pulverized!"

"Yer will fight, hey?"

"Yer kin bet I will."

"Den yer've got ter fight square."

"What d'yer mean?"

"I mean I won't have none o' dis hair-pullin' an' scratchin'. Ef yer've got ter fight, why den we'll make a ring, an' yer kin settle dis here little dispute like ladies. How does dat strike yer?"

"It goes," replied Madge promptly.

"An what d'yer say, Annie?" inquired Dave of the other girl.

"It's all der same ter me as long as I git at her," was the reply, which was accompanied by a vindictive glance at Madge.

"Den form a ring an' let der fust round begin," directed Dave. "Jakey Sloman, you act as referee."

The ring was formed.

"Now den," said Jakey, "let 'er go."

Well, the two girls did "let 'er go."

But the fight did not last long.

In fact, it had scarcely begun when a tall, good-looking young man, plainly but respectably dressed, and evidently a mechanic, broke through the ring and laid his hand on Madge's shoulder.

"Well," he said fixing his steel-gray eyes steadily upon the girl's face, "I am surprised."

Madge's face turned from red to white.

All at once her warlike spirit seemed to depart, and she hung her head like a whipped schoolgirl.

"Engaged in a street fight!" continued the newcomer, "I would not have believed it of you."

"Now den, now den!" interrupted Annie Kelly, who was just getting warmed up to the fight, "don't be blockin' up der street, mister. Dis ain't none o' your funeral, is it?"

The stranger paid no attention to the query, but said to Madge:

"Will you come with me?"

The girl looked wonderingly up into his kindly face.

"Go wid you?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Down to the place where I work; it isn't far from here. I'd like to have a little talk with you."

The girl hesitated.

"You're not afraid of me, are you?" asked the young man.

"I ain't afraid o' no one dat wears shoe-leather," was the reply, with a defiant side-glance at Annie.

"Then will you come?"

"Yes."

Annie Kelly was evidently about to make some sneering remark, but at this moment one of the boys shouted:

"Cheese it! a cop!"

A burly policeman was approaching.

The crowd instantly scattered, Madge and the stranger going down Frankfort street.

"Now," began the young man, "I'll tell you why I wanted to speak with you alone."

But before he could go any further a hand pulled his sleeve, and looking around, he saw the newsboy, Dave Lane.

The lad's face wore an anxious expression.

"Kin I speak wid yer a minnit, mister?"

"Certainly," replied the young man. "What is it?"

"I want to say dat Madge is white."

"White?"

"I mean she's straight—straight as a string, an' der ain't one o' der fellows dat wouldn't tell yer de same."

"Wait, he hissed"

"Well?"

"Well, boss, I ain't no Jay Gould, but if she's in any trouble I'll go bail fer her. I've got money salted down, an' it's hern ef she needs it, every blamed cent of it."

The young man gazed at the speaker in surprise.

"But she's not in any trouble that I know of."

"She ain't?"

"Certainly not."

"Ain't yer a fly cop?"

"No," laughed the young man.

"Yer ain't? I t'ought yer was a fly cop in plain clothes dat was pullin' her in, kinder on der quiet, on account o' der fight."

"No, indeed, I am not. I'm a foreman down at Stanley's book-binders, and all I want is to have a little private talk with her."

"Den I begs yer pardon, boss. I feel kinder like a brudder ter Madge, 'cause I've watched her grow up sense she wa'n't higher'n my knee, an' maybe I was a little too fresh ter speak ter yer. Did yer ever see a flower grow up right in der middle o' weeds dat seemed to be a-tryin' dere level best ter choke it an' yet couldn't? Well, dat's Madge, an' I wouldn't see no trouble come ter her, not fer all I've got in dis world or ever expect to have."

There was a suspicious moisture in the young man's eyes, as he replied:

"No trouble shall ever come to her through me. You are a good fellow; will you tell me your name?"

"It's Dave Lane, boss."

"And mine is Ralph Straight—and I hope I am straight."

"I'd bet my last dollar dat yer are, boss."

"Well good by, Dave, and when yer're in the neighborhood of the bindery come in and see me."

"I'll do it, boss. S'long."

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE.

When Dave had left them, Ralph Straight turned to Madge.

"You've sold me a paper every morning and every evening for two or three years."

"Yes, sir," returned the girl with downcast eyes, and a voice that was much gentler and more musical than that which she had used toward her late opponent in the fight.

"Yet this is the first time you have ever heard my name."

"Yes, dis is der fust time."

"I have heard yours before—that is, your first name, but I do not know your last."

"It's Mason."

"Madge Mason. Well, Madge, I suppose you wonder why I have asked you to walk with me."

"I was wonderin'. I ain't fit to be seen wid de likes o' you."

And Madge glanced ruefully at her patched, though neat, garments.

"I am not such a very fine gentleman," laughed Ralph, "that you need worry any. I'm only a plain working-man. But here we are at the bindery; just step in the hallway a minute and I'll say what I have to say in a very few words."

Madge followed him, and unceremoniously seated herself on an old packing-box that happened to be standing near the entrance.

"Go ahead," she said, almost brusquely.

"I will," smiled the young foreman. "I have thought for a long time that it was a pity for a girl like you to be selling papers on the street for a living."

"Plenty odder girls do it," said Madge.

"Yes, but not girls like you."

"Well," admitted Madge, "I ain't noways stuck-up; but here is some of 'em dat I don't care much about goin' wid, an' some dat I won't have nothin' to do wid."

"I don't doubt it. How old are you, Madge?"

"Goin' on fifteen."

"Then you are too old to run about the streets in this way."

Madge flushed.

"I've got ter make a livin'," she said.

"Yes, but wouldn't you rather make it in some other way?"

"What difference does it make w'ether I would or not, Mr. Straight? I don't know enough ter go inter anyting else."

"Would you really like to change your way of living?"

"Wud I? Of course I wud, sir."

"Then I will help you."

"You, Mr. Straight?—how?"

"Perhaps I could get you work in the bindery. Would you like that?"

"You bet I wud. But I don't know nothin' 'bout der bizness."

"You can be taught; some branches are very easy."

"Who'd take der trouble ter teach me?"

"I would, or my sister will show you."

"Yer sister, sir?"

"Yes, she works here, too. But I'll tell you what to do, Madge."

"What?" and the girl's eyes sparkled with pleasurable anticipation.

"Come to my house tonight and I will introduce you to my mother and sister and we will have a long talk about this matter."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"What makes yer so good ter me, Mr. Straight?" she asked. "I ain't used ter it, an' I dunno what ter make of it."

"Make this of it," said the young foreman, taking her hand: "that I like you and want to see you in a place more worthy of you. Shall I meet you and take you to my home after work tonight?"

"No, no," replied the girl hastily, "I ain't fit ter be seen wid yer. But I've got better clothes 'n dese, an' I'll put 'em on when I come. Besides, I won't be through wid my papers till long after yer're home. Tell me where yer live an' I'll come somewheres round eight o'clock."

Ralph wrote his name and address on the back of a business card.

"You can read?" he questioned.

Madge's face flushed.

"Course I can. I ain't so blamed ignorant as all dat. And I can write pretty well, too."

"I didn't mean to offend you, Madge," said the young man apologetically. "Well, then, we'll look for you at eight o'clock. Good by."

"Good by, sir."

And the girl started and ran in the direction of the newspaper offices with a grace and freedom of motion that would have been impossible for a girl educated in a more refined but less natural school.

At eight o'clock that evening Ralph Straight, his gentle-faced, widowed mother,

and his sister Alice were seated in the parlor of their little east-side flat, awaiting Madge's arrival.

"What a strange fellow you are, Ralph!" said Mrs. Straight, gazing half admiringly and half wonderingly into her son's face.

"You are always doing something that no one else would ever think of doing. Now why do you want this street waif to come here?"

"Oh," laughed Alice, teasingly, "it's because she's very pretty. I've often seen her. Ralph buys a paper from her every morning and another one every evening just for the sake of exchanging a word with her."

"I want her to come here," said Ralph gravely, ignoring his sister's remark, "because I believe that she is too good for the life she leads and I want to help her to a better one. I think that I can read in her face truthfulness and nobility, and I don't want to see those qualities trampled in the mire of Cherry Street."

"I was only joking, Ralph," said his sister, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. "But what a strange fellow you are! While other young men spend their time and money in barrooms and such places, you are always trying to do somebody good."

"He is just like his father," said Mrs. Straight, with moistened eyes. "Ah! I have reason to be proud of both my children!"

At this moment there came a timid knock upon the door.

"Come in!" said Mrs. Straight, and Madge entered.

She was now dressed in a plain but neat calico dress, and wore a simple black turban.

Ralph thought that he had never seen her look so beautiful, and tried to imagine her in a really handsome costume.

She was evidently embarrassed, but the motherly Mrs. Straight put her at her ease in a very short time.

"Ralph has said a good deal to me about you," she said, "and I have felt really anxious to see you. He takes a great interest in you."

"He's awful good," said Madge, with a grateful look at the young man, "but I dunno's I'm worth so much trouble."

At this point Ralph with ready tact excused himself and left the room; thinking that Madge would be more at her ease and speak more freely if left entirely with those of her own sex.

"Have you any parents living?" asked Mrs. Straight kindly.

Madge shook her head.

"No, dey're both dead—died long ago, w'en I was a little kid."

"Do you remember them?"

"I don't remember me fader, but I do me mudder. I remember de day she died, dough I wasn't but six years old den."

And tears came to the girl's eyes.

But she choked them back and went on: "She called me over ter where she was a-dying, an' she says: 'Madge, I'm a-goin' ter leave yer, an' yer won't never see me no more. But, she says, 'I'll always be wid yer in spirit, an' ef ever yer're tempted ter be bad t'ink dat I'm a-lookin' at yer an' a-prayin' fer yer.' I never forgot dem words, Mis' Straight, an' I t'ink dey's kep' me good more dan anyting else."

"I don't think you would be very bad anyway," said Alice, warmly.

"Maybe I shouldn't," said Madge, "fer it allers kinder seemed to me ter be mean ter do anyting crooked. I've been pretty hard up sometimes, but I never could steal or anyting like dat. Dere was allers somethin' in me dat kep' me back. It's easier ter go hungry dan it is ter eat dishonest bread—dat's my idea."

"And it's the right idea, too," said Alice, enthusiastically. "And now I must tell you right off that Ralph has got a place for you in the folding-room at the bindery. Will you take it?"

"Will I?" cried Madge, her eyes kindling.

"Well, I guess yes."

"The pay isn't large—not as much as you make selling papers probably."

"I don't care fer dat, as long as it gits me off o' der street an' I kin do der work. Do yer t'ink I kin learn easy?"

"Of course you can, there's nothing but what I can show you in a few minutes. I'm not in that department, you know, but Ralph is foreman—in fact he really runs the business—and he will let me stay with you until you know all that I can teach you. But there will be some things that you won't like; for instance, it is very confining work, and you are used to an outdoor life."

"Dat don't make no difference. I'll be glad ter get it."

"You won't like all the girls."

"I don't like any of 'em dat I'm wid now. Oh, don't yer worry 'bout me, Miss Alice; I've got sand, I have, an' if I git dis chance I'll make der most of it."

"I believe you will," said Alice earnestly.

"I forgot to ask you where you live."

"In Cherry Street in de same house where me mudder died," said Madge; "I board wid Mrs. Maguire. 'Tain't much of a place—dere's six of us—Mrs. Maguire an' four children an' me sleeps in one room."

"We must get a better place for you," said Alice.

The conversation was continued for half an hour longer, and then Ralph came in and took Madge to her miserably home.

But, wretched as the place was, it was safe to say there was not a happier or more hopeful girl in New York that night than Madge Mason.

CHAPTER III.

SHIRLEY EVERTON'S SKELETON.

We must now shift the scene of our drama to one of the many almost palatial mansions that line Madison Avenue.

The home of old Shirley Everton, though not one of the most showy, was one of the finest in the vicinity of Madison Square.

Mr. Everton had amassed a fortune on Wall Street and retired from business at the age of sixty to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his only son, whose name was the same as his own.

The tastes of Shirley Everton, Sr. and Shirley Everton, Jr. were widely different.

The father was simple, almost austere in all his habits; the son found no pleasure except when engaged in some escapade.

Old Shirley Everton's favorite companions were his books; young Shirley Everton's were the men about town whom he met at his club, and similar characters.

It was whispered that Mr. Everton had been a little "wild" when he was young and that he was therefore more lenient with his son.

It was also said that young Shirley's lack of brains caused his father more uneasiness than his numerous dissipations, and there seemed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

DID I hear you say you couldn't belong? Why! I wonder. Oh, because you aren't "pretty!" My dear, that hasn't got a thing to do with it. To belong to "The Pretty Girls' Club" you have to do just one thing and that is—want to be pretty. Now I'm quite sure that takes in every girl in the United States—to say nothing of the rest of the world. And if you want to be pretty, then you can be a member of our Club, and if you are a member of our Club, then it becomes my duty to make you pretty. You think that's hard? Why, it's the easiest thing in the world, for we were all meant to be pleasant to look at, and if you aren't, it's just because your body has got into an unattractive condition and you don't know how to get it out. But I do, and that's why I'm settling myself down in this cozy corner to talk it over with you.

Do you know, half of you do not know how really pretty you are, what possibilities are hidden in the circle of your eyebrow, in the smooth softness of your hair, in your daintily molded figure? You don't know because they are so hidden under a mass of absolutely unnecessary blemishes or shortcomings. Your one good glorious point of beauty you have never even discovered, in fact, so lost it has become in a medley of small faults. Why not be pretty? Why not be attractive and charming? The women who can't be are few and far between, odd as this may seem. Sometimes just one little thing will transform an apparently plain woman into a joy to the eye—a different way of dressing the hair, a study of the waist line, a clearing of the complexion.



KATHERINE BOOTH.

A pretty girl needs a nice round, slim waist, a full rounded bust; a white plump throat; round arms; soft white hands with clear shining well-shaped nails; bright eyes with long lashes; a clear rosy skin, smooth and fine and free from pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness; plenty of soft shining hair, well arranged. No one need tell me that women want to be plain, for I know better. Those who are think it's a harsh decree of Providence, but they are not a bit resigned. Now Providence didn't plan either ugly women or half-developed men. No! If you could see the Original Pattern that Providence has on file you'd be perfectly satisfied to be cut out on the same lines. Some good mistaken people think it frivolous to consider, or attempt to improve, one's personal appearance. Well, then, I'm frankly frivolous, for I believe in being just as pretty as I can and helping every other girl or woman to be just the same. That's why the editor has asked me to sit down and chat with you once a month and help "discover," for your pleasure, the prettiness, the charm in each of you. He wants me to tell you just what to do for every little fault or blemish, just how to overcome the big defects, just what method to use and what result to seek to accomplish. He wants me, in short, to tell you the way to be pretty. And the way to be pretty is the way to be well, and the way to be happy! So that's his clever way of killing three birds with one stone.

Well, I'm glad to do it, and I want you to feel that I'm a sort of confidential adviser to each of you. Every month I will talk on some special fault and the way to overcome it—on waists, for instance (who of us isn't interested in waists?), the thick waist and the thin waist, the long waist and the short waist; on the complexion, how to clear it, render it milky in tone, give a rosy tinge to the cheeks; on the eyes; how to conquer the tendency to redness of the lids; on dimples; on the bust, how to develop and beautify it; on the hair, its proper care, wrong habits of handling it and how to overcome them; on how to add flesh and how to lose it; and in each monthly talk I shall give you harmless recipes for articles that can be used in the toilet with delightful results. But this is not all. No, this is the very least of what the editor has asked me to do. For, I'm to be just what a confidential adviser.

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initials or nom de plume to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials.

Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the general good of all COMFORT subscribers so in asking any question you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had better inclose 15 cents for a renewal to COMFORT when you write me—this will pay up to Dec. 1908, and all who renew now can have directions for making Beauty Bags sent free if so desired.

And please remember I'm really interested. You can't want to be pretty any more than I want you to be. Did I say be pretty? Well, I meant look pretty, for I haven't the slightest doubt that ninety-nine out of every hundred of you are pretty already, but don't know it and don't let anybody else discover the fact. And there's even hope for the hundredth woman. Wait till I get at her!

Just as a beginning, I want to say a few general things. Some of them may seem quite commonplace—but don't forget they have a reason! There's our stomach, for instance, a horribly commonplace organ, but almost every pimple or skin affection can be traced right back to its action or non-action. It is absolutely essential to have pure blood in order to attain a perfect complexion, but it's the easiest thing in the world to secure, and when you do get it you have health as well. Therefore, a little attention to the commonplace organ that helps to make the blood is time pretty well spent. For the coming months I wish you'd try my hot water recipe. It's good for your stomach, stimulating it to action; it's good for your bowels, increasing the eliminating process and helping to rid the body of all injurious deposits; it's good for your skin, opening and cleansing the pores. It will make the greatest

kind of a difference in your complexion in a very short time. Try it! For the coming month drink two glasses of hot water a half hour before each meal (not lukewarm, because it has a tendency to nauseate, not too hot, because it is injurious to the lining of the stomach), and on going to bed drink two further glasses of hot water. Do this every day. Don't miss once! And watch the results. Note the improvement in stomach and bowel conditions, and note the improvement in the complexion. By the way, all of you who are interested in complexions, here is something else I prescribe for you. Get one of my Beauty Bags; they are a dainty little bag filled with a simple easily prepared mixture. I will send directions to you free if you are a paid-in-advance subscriber and you will find they will produce wonderful results. Every night on going to bed fill a basin full of warm water and allow the bag to soak for a few seconds, not long, just till you see a little milky substance begin to ooze forth. Then, using the bag as a wash cloth, thoroughly rub the face—every little crevice and wrinkle (later we'll get rid of creases and wrinkles). Keep moistening the bag just as you would a wash-cloth. The result will surprise you. It has a wonderful cleansing effect and removes all roughness and all scaly bits of skin, leaving the face smooth and soft and clean. (You don't realize how much the latter means, but half of us aren't clean, even when we think so). In the daytime, if for any reason your face feels rough and dry, use the "Beauty Bag" again. One of the most delightful presents I know of for a pretty girl is a box of Beauty Bags, all daintily overcast or buttonholed with wash silk in delicate colors. Each month I'll give you one "Don't" to remember, and to learn by heart, and never disobey. And this time, in ending my "getting acquainted" talk with you, with all best wishes for our closer relationship in the future and with a hope that you will come to me freely with all of your difficulties, I want to give you a complexion "don't" which in my mind is vital. It is this: *Never use soap on the face!* There is no quicker way to ruin a complexion. No, not ruin it (because it can be restored again, as I mean to prove to you), but temporarily disfigure it. Next month I'll give you a real complexion talk and tell you all about everything, but in the meantime try my hot water recipe and my Beauty Bags and remember my "Don't."

Remember the only condition required in writing for free directions about the Beauty Bags or asking any questions is that you are a fully paid-in-advance subscriber to COMFORT. If your subscription has or is about to expire simply inclose 15 cents for a renewal subscription this will extend your time for sixteen months.

Address all letters to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Only a Girl or, From Rags to Riches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

some good reason for these unpleasant rumors. Young Shirley Everton was not a fool by any means, but he was not the shrewd, far-seeing man that his father was.

But when the old gentleman retired from business worth a couple of million dollars it was generally understood that he intended to take his son in hand and "make a man of him."

If this was his purpose it is to be regretted that he never carried it out.

Within a fortnight after the day when the affairs of the banking house of Everton and Young were settled the senior partner was suddenly stricken down.

After three days illness he died, leaving his son, Shirley, sole heir to his estate—his wife having died many years before.

The gossip again indulged in a little whispering—this time to the effect that young Shirley was not utterly inconsolable at his father's death, that he was, in fact, rather glad to be free from the reins which were already beginning to be drawn rather tightly.

But this must have been a slander, for he seemed utterly crushed with grief at his father's funeral, and wore at least six inches of crape on his hat for a long time after the melancholy event.

But be this as it may, there is no doubt that on the very evening when Madge Mason's visit to Ralph Straight's house occurred a well-dressed man stood in front of the Everton mansion gazing at a light in a second-story window.

"You're up there, are you, my fine fellow?" he muttered with a smile that would have been as disagreeable to young Everton as his words if that youth could have seen and heard both.

"You're up there, are you, getting ready for the big ball at the Academy? although your old dad hasn't been underground a year. Well, that's all right, it's none of my business, but if I am not badly mistaken you won't care to go to that ball tonight."

After this brief soliloquy he ascended the steps of the mansion and pulled the bell.

To the girl who came to the door he said: "Tell Mr. Everton that an old friend wants to see him and wants to see him right away."

The girl hesitated.

"I'm not sure that he's in, sir," she said. "But I am," said the visitor, brushing past her and entering the reception-room. "He's upstairs fixing up for that ball at the Academy. Tell him to come down quick."

The stranger's audacity was too much for the girl, and she vanished.

A few minutes later a smoothly-shaven man in evening dress entered the room where the stranger was stretched out on a blue silk divan and said:

"Your business, sir?"

"Are you Mr. Everton?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir. Mr. Everton is engaged, sir."

"Who are you?"

"I'm a valet, sir."

"Then go back and tell him that my business is with the master, not the valet, and that it is business which must be attended to in quick time."

The valet coughed nervously.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Oh, say my name you like, but tell him to come down here; or I'll go up where he is if he wishes."

The valet left the room.

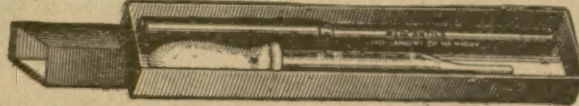
"Big buzz, here," muttered the stranger.

"Maybe I shall come to this sort of thing if this enterprise succeeds. I understand young Everton has become an Anglomaniac lately, and this

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looks like it—a valet, as if a big, overgrown booby like him wasn't able to dress himself."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of young Everton himself.

He was a well-built young fellow of twenty-three or four, and would have looked a good deal like a man, despite his weak cast of countenance, if it had not been for the affected air which he chose to assume.

"Well, sir," he began, "you have insisted upon seeing me and I am here. I am Shirley Everton."

"And I am Richard Harold."

"Aw! Well, Mr. Harold, what can I do for you? It is after ten o'clock, don't know, and I have an engagement, and if your business is not important—"

"But it is important, as it happens," interrupted the visitor coolly, "and I have a notion that you won't feel like going to the ball tonight."

"Sir?"

"Don't get on your high horse. Are you sure that we cannot be overheard?"

"Ya-as."

"I'll take the liberty of closing that door behind you, however."

"B-b-ba Jawve."

"Now, then, Mr. Everton, I'm going to take the liberty of asking you a few questions."

"B-ba Jawve!"

"You are the son and heir of the late banker, Shirley Everton?"

"Ya-as, don't know, but—"

"Wait a moment, I'm not done yet by any means, I think."

"B-ba Jawve! by what right—"

"Oh, you needn't answer that question if you don't want to; I know that he did. Now you don't happen to be master of any trade or profession, do you?"

The young Anglomaniac glared at his visitor in indignation.

"I, an Everton, a blawsted tradesman! What do you mean, fellow?"

"Well, I mean that it's just possible that you may have to go to work just as your father did before you, and that before many weeks."

"Sir?"

"Be patient, keep your dress-coat on, and I'll explain. Did your late father leave a will?"

"No."

"Yet you inherited all his property?"

"Ya-as, being next of kin, and my mother being dead, don't know."

"But suppose I told you that you were not next of kin, that your late respected father had a double life, that he had another wife whom he married before he married your mother, and that you are no more the rightful heir to his property than I am."

Everton's affected air vanished.

He was no longer an Anglomaniac.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" he hissed.

"In such a case," interrupted Harold, "I never insinuate. But I dare state facts, and I'll give you those I possess in a nutshell. You are not your father's legal heir, for the reason that your mother was not his legal wife. He had another wife, whom he married years before he met your mother. That wife left a child, a girl, who is the true heir to Shirley Everton's estate."

"The proofs of this infamous story!" hissed Everton, with pallid lips.

"Here they are—the wedding certificate, the proofs of the girl's birth, and a number of letters in your father's handwriting. Look them over at your leisure—I'll wait."

Everton eagerly perused the documents. When he had finished he turned to his visitor, asking:

"Does this girl live?"

"She does, and right in this city."

For a few moments the young millionaire gazed fixedly into his companion's eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

A POSITION OF PERIL.

There was a good deal of meaning in Shirley Everton's look, and Harold returned it with a gaze of equal significance.

The millionaire was the first to speak.

"Your proofs are indisputable," he said.

"Of course they are. What have you to say?"

"What do you intend to do about it?"

"That depends upon you."

"Upon me?"

"Just so. I am here to talk business."

Everton touched a bell, and his valet appeared.

"I shall not go to the ball tonight, Tompkins," said the young man. "You may go to bed."

"Yes, sir."

And the young man bowed respectfully and left the room.

"I told you you wouldn't care to go," said Harold, with an evil smile. "Now, then, I suppose you are ready to talk business."

"I am."

"Well, what do you propose?"

"To buy those papers."

"You can't do that."

"Why not?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

MY DEAR COMFORT BOYS:

A NOTHER season is upon us; how fast time passes, only a short time ago I closed up shop for the Summer, but I have not been idle, on the contrary have devoted much time and large quantities of "gray matter" planning and working to produce a larger and better column for the coming winter. For every monthly installment I have worked up ideas that are practical, terse and of value to all.

I have tried, tested or made everything described; each month new ideas will be treated upon, suitable to the season. For example we start with a Lawn or Porch Seat, there will be many days yet when this will be useful and much enjoyed by the family.

Lawn or Porch Seat

There could scarcely be anything in the line of carpenter work, simpler than this pretty seat which I designed especially for COMFORT's younger boys.

Two common flat boards go to make the sides, being cut and marked as shown in drawing. The seat proper is also an ordinary board but instead of being nailed to cleats it is in this case inserted into slots made just large enough to receive it. In addition to this a few long finishing nails may be used. The back is easily managed with the aid of a saw and is fastened in place with brass screws. When complete the bench should be given several coats of paint and then a coat of varnish, and the convenient seat is ready for use.

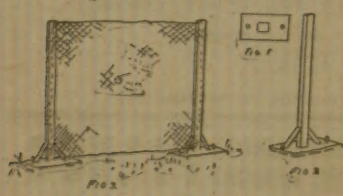


Care of Tools

Every metal tool before being put away should be carefully cleaned, dried, and wiped with a rag moistened with kerosene or lard. Saws should always be hung from pegs, planes placed on dry shelves, and bits and chisels dropped into sockets, blades upward. Every boy should have a small box to hold what few tools are needed for an ordinary repair job. As soon as the job is over he should return them to their regular place in the manner described. With a reasonable amount of care a tool should give good service and last a lifetime.

Movable Backstop

If you like baseball and particularly pitching you know how mad your chum is when he has to chase your wild ones down a hot and dusty road. Now a backstop is a handy thing and doubly so when it can be easily moved. You can see at a glance how this one meets the latter requirement and what a dandy it's going to be when you want to change second base to home plate so the sun won't be in the fielders' eyes. As the cut shows, it is simply a strong frame made of scantling, braced at the bottom with slant boards, and set upon flat boards which have each two 3 inch holes. The backstop rests upon the flat boards and stakes are driven through the holes to keep it firm and solid. Common wire netting is used to cover the open parts of the frame. If several boys get together they can easily rig this up in an hour without a penny of expense.

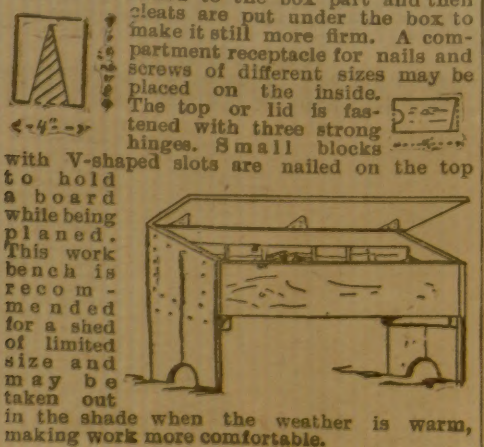


Breaking Glass Bottle Evenly

A bottle or any glass vessel may be broken off evenly in the following manner. First carefully mark all around the bottle at the point you want severed. Then heat a stove poker to a bright red and draw it all along the mark you have made. As soon as possible afterwards drop cold water on the mark and with a loud click the glass will break all around. A tap of the hand will then cause it to fall off. Then with a file round off the sharp edges of the new surface.

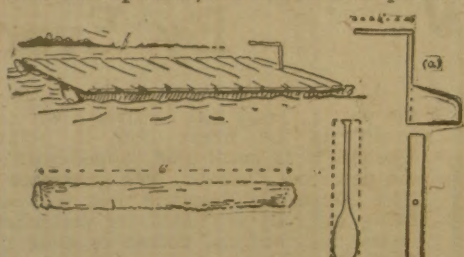
Bench Chest

Here's a tool chest and work bench combined. It should be made of heavy material and of ample dimensions, say 5 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, and 2 and a half ft. high. As shown by the accompanying illustration the ends are nailed to the box part and then cleats are put under the box to make it still more firm. A compartment receptacle for nails and screws of different sizes may be placed on the inside. The top or lid is fastened with three strong hinges. Small blocks with V-shaped slots are nailed on the top to hold a board while being planed. This work bench is recommended for a shed of limited size and may be taken out in the shade when the weather is warm, making work more comfortable.



Raft

I do not need to tell you the fun that may be enjoyed with this raft. One glance, I think, is all the information you need. Get two logs, the heavier the better and drag them to the water's edge. Saw them off to a length of about six feet, slightly taper the ends from the water line upwards, and nail on cross pieces to



within six inches of each end. Make a simple rudder as shown in "a", stick the stem up through a hole in the rear cross board, nail on a two foot piece for a handle and we are off. The paddles may be made of any flat pieces, wide barrel staves of light material being about the best.

Chemical Experiment

One way to create cold is to absorb heat out of the air and this is the object of all freezing mixtures. Common sal-ammoniac, well pulverized, one part; saltpeter, two parts; mix well together. Then take ordinary soda well pulverized. To use, take equal quantities of these preparations (they must be kept covered and separate until used) and add enough water to make a nice mixture. Put the article to be frozen in a tight vessel sealed tightly and then place it in the mixture described and cover up the freezing pot. No matter how hot the weather is in a short time your article will be frozen solid.

Making Perfume

By the plan given here you can make any perfume and should have no trouble in disposing of it for a good price. Take roses or any scented flowers and place them in a clean glazed vessel, sprinkling common salt on each layer of a half inch thickness. When the vessel is filled seal it tightly and place it in a cool dark place. In about five weeks strain the juice through gauze, bottle it, and expose it to the sun and dew to purify. This makes a very valuable and powerful perfume one drop of which will impart a strong scent to a pint of water.

Pop Corn

If you live in a town of any considerable size you can make plenty of pocket money selling pop corn. The way it is prepared is too simple to need any explanation. The selling is just as simple if you are of the right caliber. Be very careful to have your product of the highest quality and go to meet the trains, to the post-office and wherever and whenever crowds gather. The percentage of profit is very large and the work is light and pleasant.

Now, boys, if you will busy yourselves with the things I have suggested for this month, I will prepare some more for September.

Write me of your troubles and together we will straighten them out in quick order.

As ever,

Your Uncle John.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Florence, your letter is not very lengthy, nor very interesting as a whole, and like most of the cousins you write with a lead pencil and from this I infer that pens and ink have not penetrated into the wilds of Oklahoma. Never mind, Florence, your letter contains one piece of information that has got all the medical authorities in the U. S. woody. Florence, you have discovered a new disease, and that is as great a distinction as discovering a new continent. The disease I refer to is the chicken "box." This is something new in the disease line, and I want you to tell us where your friends caught this chickenbox, and how long it took them to get over it. Was it a tin box, or a wooden box? Of course if it was a small box they could get over it in a minute, but if this particular chicken box happened to be of an extra large size, they might take several days to get over it. Possibly they would have to construct ladders, or inflate balloons or airships before they could get over it. I have had any number of diseases, such as hydrophobia, housemaid's knee, leprosy, spinal Mc. Guinness, appendicitis of the overalls, paralysis of the pocketbook, lockjaw of the collar button, influenza of the tooth brush, bunions on the teeth, inflammation of the suit case, and other slight ailments of that kind, but never, no never, did I have the chicken box. I had an elephant's trunk once, but never a chicken's box. Medical men are greatly excited, Florence, over this matter, and I trust you will at once furnish all the additional information you can about the disease. I can't find your bonnet, it has got mislaid, probably you left it in the chicken box.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit. Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

The letter which appeared in the June issue over the signature of Charlie Ehardt, Alins, Texas, turns out to have been concocted by some one who evidently wanted to have fun at the expense of the original Mr. Ehardt. We regret deeply that this letter got into print, but costs entirely at the mercy (as are all other papers) of the practice of the printer. It is impossible to verify the authorship of the thousands of letters that reach us daily. All letters are accepted by us in good faith, but we cannot guarantee the genuineness of these communications, nor can we be responsible for their contents. This is the first time, however, since this department was started, that we have been imposed upon, and considering the tons of letters we have received, and the scores of "we have printed in the four and a half years this League has been in existence, we think this is a pretty good record. In conclusion let me say that those people who indulge in this contemptible and despicable form of joking may find it expensive fun, as forgers is a State's Prison offense and will land the offender, if caught, behind the bars for a good long term of years—the longer the better.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for August

Our list this month is an unusually large one, and there is a very pressing call for wheel chairs. If all of you put a dime a month into this work, we could distribute one hundred and thirty-four chairs, \$15.00 a chair, every four weeks. That is what we could do if all did their share, and played their part manfully and womanfully. There is no special shut-in's letter this month, so focus your attention on this list. All shut-ins appealing, must send references from a pastor and public official when possible. I do not get wheel chairs or raise funds for those who have parents and friends well able to take care of them. All shut-ins have a claim on our love and sympathy, but only the very poor can have our help. We must look after that large class of unfortunates who are friendless and penniless first. Those sick folks who have friends and relatives well able to take care of them, must make those friends do their duty, as we have all we can do in this League to look after the desperately needy and friendless sick.

Iss Tye Stogsdale (37), Bent, Ky. Bedridden four years, has no money for an operation, which would probably effect a cure. Wants reading matter. Miss N. J. Price, Spencer, R. F. D. 3, Va. Wants quilt pieces and cheer. Louisa J. Wise, Dillon. Cannot help you as you did not give full address, please send name of state. O. H. McMillan, Clemens, Mich. (53). Has not walked in eleven years. Will be grateful for any assistance. Miss U. M. Warden, Boonville, N. C. Shut-in, great sufferer, would like good reading matter, and cheer of any kind. Luther S. King, Easley, R. F. D., 5, S. C. Twenty-five years of age, wants reading and picture postals. Mrs. Mina Lee, Egypt, R. F. D., 1, Ga. Shut-in, great sufferer. Bedridden three years. Needs substantial assistance. Amanda Mayberry, Ave. 2, Mo. Wants cotton scraps and pieces for a quilt. James Gilliam, Treadwell, Tenn. Wants wheel chair. Wm. Sleighter, Alcov, N. Y. Has passed to his rest. At the request of his mother, I am notifying you of this. Send her your sympathy. Mrs. Millie Babcock, Sheridan, Wyo. Will give a home to any poor homeless shut-in, or orphan boy, between the ages of one month or fifteen years. Carefare must be provided. Mrs. Babcock lives on a ranch, and will give any worthy boy a good home. Olive Seaton, Kanawha, Tex. Has not walked in fourteen years. Wants letters and reading. Mrs. Hannah G. Scott, Hume, Allan Co., Ohio. Bedridden from cancer. Wants letters and reading. Mrs. Anna Teague, Mannington, Ky. Fifty-three years of age, bedridden twenty-eight years. Joyce Cook, 911 N. Dodge St., Iowa City, Iowa. Is in the Iowa State Hospital. Has been under several operations. Will be grateful for sympathy and assistance. Send her cheery letters. Put something in them. Miss Olie N. Lodge, 103 W. Monroe St., Valparaiso, Ind. Shut-in. Would like letters, and postals only. Johnny Schanz, (12), Carroll Co., Carrollton, Mo. Wants invalid chair. Mother, who is not strong, has to carry him. Lilas Earp, (23), helpless for eleven years. Wants a wheel chair. Nice boy, fine writer. Mrs. Prudence Hardy, 89 Erie St., Brockport, N. Y., (63). Wants money for an invalid lifter. Mrs. J. B. Peters, 1642 Gilmore St., Baltimore, Md. Bedridden seven years. Wants cheery letters. Annie Cinnamon, Morrowville, Kans. Wants money for an invalid chair. Rebecca A. Thomas, 111 Edgeville, N. C., (58). Has rheumatism, and a broken hip, cannot walk a step. Wants a wheel chair badly. Has not walked in years. Also wants quilt pieces. Do your best for those poor sufferers. This is a long list, so scatter your help, so that all may get a share.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

How many of you wanted a garden so bad this spring that you got down on your knees to dig it up? I did, and that with the strangest tool ever seen in a garden, namely the top spring of a buggy, with a handle fixed on one end. I can't use a hoe (being paralyzed since childhood and walk with crutches), so I invented the tool described and do all my digging with it, in spite of its blistering my hand. Fellow shut-ins, try my plan and get a garden in the same way and you'll be surprised to find yourself enjoying it, as well as freedom from

headaches, blues and all the other horrors we particular poor creatures are worried with. And then the indescribable pleasure of watching your vegetation grow! I go out lots of times and look at Nasturtiums, Sweet Peas, Scarlet Runners, etc., etc., as well as all my kitchen vegetables and it does me good, for it was all earned by sheer hard work, doubly hard considering I'm lame. That's better than sitting indoors wondering why you weren't blessed with the physical abilities denied to you.

H. Stanley Bent, a partial shut-in, would be pleased to receive scraps of anything. Perforated cardboard, canvas with silk or wool to work with, beads or flower slips, or anything to occupy idle moments.

Continued success to the Sisters' Corner.

H. STANLEY BENT, Turbine, Tenn.

DEAR READERS:

I may be wrong but I firmly believe where a husband and wife are childless it is their duty to act as father and mother to some orphan children. Insensibly, childless couples grow very selfish. They do not realize it, and would deny the charge, but nevertheless they do. Nothing expands the heart of men and women like the love of a little child. Contributions to homes for orphans is well, but better take them to your own home and give them the love and sympathy the little hearts crave. You may think you cannot love other people's children but if you try it you will be convinced you can.

I knew a gentleman once who adopted an orphan boy from a home and when the boy was grown his adopted father told me, "I would not take a million dollars in gold for him" and yet the adopted father in question, had children of his own.

I never read a notice of a mother's death, but I send a prayer to my Father asking Him to raise up someone to love and care for the children left behind. You may say you are not fitted to raise children. Neither am I, but God sent me eight children, though afterwards he called back two. You may say, the children you adopt may turn out badly. They may, but that does not lessen your duty. I have known Christian parents whose children turned out badly, and I have known children of sin who became fine men and women. We can never tell. If possible, take more than one child. One will warm your hearts, but there is danger of that one growing up narrow and selfish, the very sins you wish to avoid. I knew a mother who had only one child. To keep him from being selfish she taught him to give a portion of every dainty that he received to her. Selfishness is a sin, and young people are more than apt to be selfish, and not realize it at all. "Bachelors' wives and maidens' children are always well-bred" and childless people have no patience with their neighbors' noisy little folks, but when they love little ones belonging to them, the faults of other children do not appear so great.

I knew two rich girls who could not adopt children. They each selected a little girl in a home to clothe and they made and carried clothing to the two when needed. I do not approve of this plan as the other children felt neglected, but if a few well-to-do girls would band together and make dresses and other things for little children in homes, and some not in homes, for orphans, they would find a keener pleasure in life. They could meet together and sew and take home the unfinished pieces to sew on as they felt inclined.

How many of you, who own carriages, stop and gather up the little ones who gaze at you as you pass, wishing themselves in your place? And many a tired woman would thank you for a turn in some country road or in the parks. Anywhere to get out of the rut. If you sit and think awhile, you whom God has entrusted with wealth, you can find many ways to do good and make others happy. You who can sing well would give pleasure to some poor shut-in by singing for them. You who can read well, can find those who cannot read at all, and life would feel worth living. There is nothing that can make you love God so well as making other people happy, doing good to those who cannot repay, and following the Bible verse, "Give to those that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow turn not thou away." In His Name. LAURIE K. HAYGOOD, 701 N. Wayne St., Mill-edgeville, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS:

Although I have been a reader of COMFORT for quite a while, my daughter being a subscriber, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital.

We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising regulars, religious and lecture circuits, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue fully explains special offer. Sent Free. CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 168, Chicago

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DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and makes the hair soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP. Is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copper, or any other kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers.

PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color (originally was before it turned gray). Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. OZARK HERB CO., Block 51, St. Louis, Mo.

1 CENT IS ALL IT COSTS to write postal for our big Free Bicycle catalogue showing all models at lowest prices. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires until you learn our marvelous new offer. We ship on approval without cash down, prepaid freight, allow 10 Days Free Trial.

All our new and wonderful propositions with catalogues and much valuable information sent you FREE for the asking. WE WILL CONVINCE you that we sell a better bicycle for less money than any other house. Buy direct from the factory. If you want to Make Money or Earn a TIRE, Coaster-Brakes, built-up wheels and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait, but write us a postal today and learn everything. Write it now. MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K 3, Chicago, Ill.

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Great Suit Offer

JUST WRITE US and we will send you absolutely FREE, by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc., everything FREE, and WE WILL START YOU IN PAYING BUSINESS. A most liberal offer on a suit for your own use that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions, and privileges that will astonish you. We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

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In your town. You can make from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per year. If you write us before we get an agent in your town you will get a wonderful offer. As soon as we get an agent in your town he will get profit on every dollar we sell in his territory. WE TURN ALL OUR BUSINESS OVER TO HIM. That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself ANSWER QUICK, before we get an agent in your town; you will then get all of our great inducements. If you would like to learn more tell us about yourself. Address, Dept. H,

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago, Ill.



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The Care of Young Stock

CLEANLINESS must be the watchword just now, for chickens that are left to sleep night after night in a filthy coop cannot possibly grow. They are poisoned by the effluvia of the droppings, which poison enters the blood through the lungs, and the whole system is lowered in tone, and debilitated by it.

It is a simple matter to keep coops clean if they do not have wooden floors; and the floorless coop is much preferable, where the land is reasonably dry. Such a coop is easily cleaned by moving it forward, or backward, or endwise, to new ground; and if this is done three times a week when the chickens are small, and every day when the chickens are half grown, there will be no difficulty with filthy coops. If the coops have floors, they (the floors) should be scraped clean and well sanded three times a week.

Take care, too, to thin out the chicks as they increase in size. A coop for a family of three or four weeks' old chicks will be too small for them when they are six or eight weeks old, and are twice the size.

Another most important point is the food ration. A very common mistake is to think that chicks can find a good deal of their food themselves. They do find some in the shape of worms, insects, etc., and they eat a good deal of grass; but regular feeds of sound, sweet grain are what they should have to induce steady growth. When our chickens are five or six weeks old, we relax in feeding in two ways. We feed but four times a day, instead of five, and the first feeding in the morning is of mixed meals, stirred up into a mash mixed with milk or water.

This mixed meal consists of one part each, corn meal, fine middlings, bran or shorts, ground oats, and meat meal. This is equal parts by measure. A scoopful of each is dipped out of the bag, and put into the receptacle in which it is to be mixed. Some people prefer a greater proportion of bran, and advocate two scoops of it to each of the others. We use judgment as to the amount of the bran, limiting it by the whole amount which we feed, and the conditions of the bowels of the chicks. If the bowels are inclined to be loose, we increase the quantity of middlings, and decrease the quantity of bran. If the bowels are somewhat constipated (the droppings too firm and hard), we increase the quantity of bran, and proportionately decrease the quantity of middlings.

Animal food is the most essential element for promoting growth in chicks. Of course where only two or three broods are raised and allowed to range freely, they will get a supply of insects, worms, etc., but most of the readers of this paper raise more than two or three broods of chicks.

At the same time, "maturity" should not be reached too early. If it is reached too early, it is premature, and then sturdiness of frame is lacking. We should aim to feed a balanced ration, to the end that growth be continuous, and not too rapid. To this end animal food is essential, but it should be balanced by muscle-builders and bone-makers. The commercial meat meals contain about thirty per cent. of bone, so that element is provided in the animal food supply; and for muscle-building, there is nothing to equal oatmeal.

Some people don't understand what "oatmeal" is; very many think it is oats, ground hulls and all. The oatmeal we feed our chicks is oatmeal cut in two or three pieces each by sharp knives. That is the coarsest oatmeal made, and it is just such oatmeal as we cook for eating at table. Not a few poultrymen feed "rolled oats," which is good, no doubt; but the grain is crushed in rolling, and that breaks up the cells, exposing them to the air. Oats, ground hulls and all, we would think a poor food for chicks.

Separate the pullets from the cockerels. Not doing this, is one of the most common mistakes in chicken-raising. Unless one has carefully watched the growing youngsters, he will have no idea of the constant nagging and annoying on the part of the cockerels. It has been proved by experiment that the pullets will not only grow better, but they will reach maturity from one to three months earlier, if the cockerels are kept separate from them.

Since the pullets are the most important members of the family, it is our custom to give them the full range of the farm, colonizing them in families of twenty-five or thirty, in coops set one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet apart, out in the grass fields, as soon as the crop of grass is cut off; by which means we give the pullets every opportunity to grow.

The cockerels which we wish to save for breeding-stock are enclosed in large yards, of a quarter of an acre or thereabouts, near the farm buildings. The cull cockerels intended for market are shut up in fattening pens, and sent to market as soon as they are of marketable size, which with us is four or five pounds, live weight. We believe in sending the birds to market as soon as possible. We do not want to keep them a single day after that.

We want the pullets to reach laying maturity at about six months old, and not only to reach laying maturity at that age, but to be fully grown, strong, healthy and vigorous. Not every chicken hatched can be grown to this condition under the most favorable circumstances, but it is our aim, and it should be the aim of everyone who raises chickens, to get the best possible growth in the young stock, because that is the foundation of profit. We have stated over and over again in these columns that the best profit, the "creamy" profit, was gotten from early-hatched chickens kept growing so they should reach laying maturity before the cold weather, and then kept laying.

There is an old proverb "Well begun is half done," and it is particularly true as regards chickens when hatched, and that come out "with a kick." They are well begun, and that is half the battle; but we should keep it in mind that it is only half, and that there is that other half to be stoutly worked for. We give the best possible chance to the pullets, which we want to be early layers, and keep them steadily growing to that end, which should be attained long before cold weather comes upon them; and this we find we can best attain by good care for cleanliness, etc., and feeding a liberal ration of sound, sweet grain.

It is easy to see that it is of the utmost importance for the chickens to be kept growing.

Correspondence

H. C. G.—I have lost two roosters and one hen with some disease that I fear is contagious. They had trouble to eat, and when I examined them, there was a growth on the tongue and mouth. Can you tell me what it was, and how to treat others, if any catch it? I am going to clean the chicken house and disinfect.

A.—The symptoms you describe suggest cancer, which usually originates from cold, or bad sanitary conditions. Segregate the affected birds, and treat as follows: Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in one pint of water. Dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture in half a pint of water, and swab out the bird's throat and mouth twice a day, allow half an hour to elapse after each application, and then apply equal parts of pulverized camphor, boric acid, and subnitrate of bismuth, well mixed. Blow into nostrils and throat through a glass tube or straw.

H. L.—What are the best things to grow for winter green food for chickens—things that I can plant now?

A.—Cabbages and beets can both be profitably used, although it hardly pays to feed good sound heads of cabbage to poultry, as it can usually be sold at a price which makes it unprofitable. Beets or mangel wurzels make an excellent food, either chopped up and placed in the morning mash raw or cooked, or split open to allow the hens to pick them to pieces.

There are a number of other forage crops that are available for winter and early spring feeding, first among which I should place winter vetch (*vicia villosa*), which will produce a good crop on any kind of soil, and is ready to cut earlier than any other forage plant. In fact, the whole crop can be taken off in time to prepare the land for corn. It is greatly relished by poultry, either cut up in mash or fed alone. It can be sown in the spring with oats or barley, or in August or September with rye, one bushel to the acre.

Essex rape furnishes another excellent green food for poultry, being best adapted for fall and winter feeding. If practicable it should be grown where the fowls can be turned upon it—in a portion of the run. In New England the best time to sow it is about the first of August, when it will be ready to feed in ten weeks, keeping green all winter. It should be sown at the rate of about six pounds to the acre, broadcast.

J. J. B.—A small advertisement will almost surely bring customers for your chicks. Go into the nearest town, and ask what the butcher will give.

C. W.—Had you explained the condition, I would gladly have helped you. A note addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, asking for the Farmers' Bulletin, No. 197, which is devoted to snail raising, will bring you one of the best treatises on the subject I have read.

E. M. W. wants the address of a dealer to get white rabbits for stock. "Is it profitable to raise them for food? We live in a small town and don't think we could sell any for Easter. Will you kindly advise me about it?"

A.—You will probably find a dealer's address in the advertising columns. If not, get a Sunday paper from the nearest large city, and look up a dealer in fancy birds. He is pretty sure to be able to sell you what you want. For food, keep common Belgian hares in outside inclosures.

P. H. C. wants to know what the trouble is with his chickens. Their legs give way. Notices something like ticks on them, and their droppings seem watery.

A.—I should think from the description that your hens are run down by lice. Clean out the coops thoroughly, then apply a coat of thick whitewash to every part of which has been added an ounce of crude carbolic acid. Get a good insect powder and dust each bird, holding by the feet, head down, and rubbing it well into the fluffy feathers, thighs and tail. Your feed is all right, if the scraps are free from fat. Do the birds get sufficient lime and grit? If you are doubtful about it, get some old mortar rubbish, and scatter it in the yard.

M. M.—How should Pea fowl be handled when about ten months old? For to keep them during the winter? How long can they be confined? Does it make any difference if my young turkeys are confined till ten A. M. if the grass is wet? If I feed them grain, onions and bread crumbs, should they have anything else? Can old turkeys sleep outside in winter?

A.—Treat Pea fowl as you do turkeys. No young turkeys are better in till the grass is dry, no matter what time it is. Yes, you must add some animal food, chopped liver, or meat. In such a severe climate as yours, they should be housed at night. Your letter was too late to be answered in the June issue.

E. K.—How can a crow be tamed if taken from the nest when young? How can you cut his tongue to make him talk? How should he be fed while young?

A.—If taken from the nest before being fully feathered, feed him raw meat, boiled oatmeal, pot cheese, boiled potatoes. At that age he won't need any special training. Don't know anything about tongue cutting. We had two, and their quaint tricks were quite entertaining enough, without teaching them to talk our language.

J. E. W.—Have forwarded your letter to C. W.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

I have never seen a letter from this section of California.

We have a farm in the eastern part of Madera County, near the Sierra Nevada mountains. In fact, our pasture runs back into the low foothills of that range, but our house and farming land are out in the valley. There are nineteen hundred and sixty acres in our farm or "ranch" we Californians would say.

This portion of the county is devoted entirely to dry farming and stockraising. By "dry farming" I mean that we have no artificial means of irrigation, as they have farther down in the valley, but depend entirely upon the rainfall to raise our crops. Naturally, then, we raise such crops as will be matured by the winter rains—wheat and barley being the principal grains. In California we seldom have a summer rain, and when it does rain in the summer we regard it as a great disaster.

There have been a few times when Mother Nature has apparently made a mistake of that kind and it has wrought havoc.

The farmers then have tons of grain still in the field waiting to be hauled to market; and though it is equal to cured hay while it is dry, it is rendered perfectly worthless when the rain falls on it.

Our winter has been exceptionally warm, with few frosts and heavy rains. We never have any snow in the valley, but I have only to lift my eyes when I can see miles and miles of snow,

on the high mountains, then bringing my gaze back again I see green fields, dotted with wild flowers, which are now blooming in all their beauty, the gorgeous Eschscholtzia or California poppy, the dainty baby blue-eyes—just the color of the summer sky, the white popcorn flower, the purple clusters, lily, buttercups, pansies, and so many others that it would take too long to enumerate.

Haying will soon begin, then by the time the hay is taken care of it will be nearly time for harvest. Should there be any spare time between haying and harvest the farmer will do some summer fallowing, that is he will plow the land now, let it lay all summer, then in the fall sow it in grain for next year's crop.

There is so much more I would like to tell you about California, but I must not wear my welcome out at my first visit.

I am deeply interested in the Sisters' Corner, especially the work for the shut-ins. I have written to many of them, and it has given me great pleasure.

I am going to ask the sisters to a letter party on Aug. 11, and I will answer all. On that day it will have been twenty-one years since my husband and I began our journey together. It has not always been easy traveling. Sometimes the road has been clouded, and the skies have not always had a silver lining, and we are thankful that we have been allowed to spend so much of our lives together. You may wonder why my address is Polasky, Fresno Co., when I live in Madera County, so I will just explain that our nearest post-office is in Fresno Co.

Mrs. M. STEVENS, Polasky, Fresno Co., Cal.

My DEARS: What do you all think of our title page this month? Of course at this writing I have not the slightest idea what it will be, but feel assured that it will be appropriate and to the point. At any rate I am going to give three cheers for COMFORT, the publishers, editors and all the sisters. I for one, Mr. Editor, wish to thank you heartily, vigorously, and vociferously. It really did not seem to me that COMFORT could be improved, but you certainly are doing so all the time, "hooking for friends, not profits!" I think the millinery department (which is such a help to those that cannot visit the stores and keep up with the fashions), the poultry talk, and information, our Recitation club, and hosts of other useful, interesting hints, and suggestions, worth fifteen cents a year. I know a woman who made and trimmed a hat from the ideas of COMFORT's milliner, that is worth five dollars; it did not cost her one cent. Certainly we are getting everything which is of value to women.

Mrs. Austin, "The Teddy bear, that dances in the air," is the latest thing in the way of a toy, with his bells, jointed legs, and arms; they sold at Christmas time without the bells, etc., for one dollar apiece, now we are offered them for forty-five cents, by our own dear COMFORT people, together with three yearly subscribers. If you will write me I can give you the address of one of my girls who will help you out on the patterns you wished for.

Mrs. Mary McKee. A simple remedy for catarrh is to sniff water up the nostrils three or four times a day, sometimes milk is used instead of water.

Mrs. Miller. The collar you sent in is a beauty. The work is too fine for my optics. It surely is a veritable coloweb; how can you do it?

Mrs. Williamson. Did you know that you could use crochet patterns for cross-stitch designs and vice versa?

A. E. L. I thank you for the zinnia seed, as they have sufficient (if they keep on coming as they have recently) to plant an acre, like "Cousin Harry" I cry "nuff, nuff." How do I like COMFORT? Why I love it and all connected with it, do not you? I know you do by the way you write. I confide some of my dearest and very best ideas, and thoughts to COMFORT and they are reaching to the very ends of the earth.

I am pleased, at all times, to hear from any of you, but I must ask for the stamped directed envelope, or I cannot reply.

Oh! that I might give you the entire letter from

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If you will write your name and address on this coupon, cut it out and send to me, I will send to you

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homes and I will send you testimonial letters from many of these homes. I ship direct to you—quote you the lowest factory price—have no agents or commission men—and send you an organ that will be the best and most up-to-date instrument in your section. All I want in your name and your address on the coupon above and I will send you everything complete by return mail—large pictures of the Thiery Organs—letters from pleased homes—all about my easy payment plan—all about my free trial plan—why it pays to BUY DIRECT—and everything about organs that every organ buyer should know. Just send me the coupon now—today!

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Oh! that I might give you the entire letter from

by return mail, POSTAGE PAID, my large new Thiery Organ Book beautifully illustrated and describing all the styles of the celebrated Thiery Parlor Organs. Your name and address on the coupon below—then mail to me—I will send you



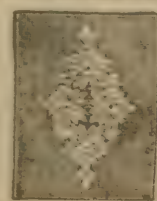
my Virginia boy, who has a lovely home, but his town has ten saloons, think of it, one whiskey shop for every forty inhabitants, situated on the beautiful Potomac river, which at this point is four or five miles wide, at its narrowest, twelve miles at its widest, only one doctor, and no undertaker in the town, the site of President Monroe's old home is within two miles of this town, the birthplace of Gen. Robert E. Lee eight miles, while the birthplace of George Washington is only four miles.

This dear boy is his mother's only child, and what a comfort he is to her!

Lizzie Meuth. Try straining the milk in this way (not trusting to the wire strainer to do the work effectively, and thoroughly, where specks and vermin will creep through, or sift through). Make a frame of dressed strips, one inch in width, long enough to set over the milk pan, tack together at the corners, then drive a slender wire nail in each corner, take some cheesecloth, double it, and make a square to fit over the corner about two inches from the edge, slip this over the frame on the wire nails, and set the whole over the pan, and strain the milk through that, the cloth can easily be removed, washed, scalded, put right back on the frame, and hung up in the sun and is ready for the next milking.

Mrs. Brown. To keep cheese indefinitely and from molding, wet a cloth in vinegar and wrap around the cheese, then to wrap in paper, and put into an air-tight vessel, the cloth will have to be moistened about once a week.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan. I trust you are a full-fledged Eastern Star sister ere this. Write me (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup hangs the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When he goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried and unwilling to admit the years. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable. Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot a deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he is in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke promises nothing he cannot perform.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a hidden drawer containing a paper which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. He knows where the money is concealed. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable. He thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

Henry and Mabel agree to make their love known to their parents. Mabel asks to see her father alone. Mehitable's curiosity is aroused. Mr. Parkhurst makes known to Mabel the object of Dick Clarke's visit, and she tells of her love for Henry Davenport. If she marries Henry Davenport he may never recover his property. Mabel insists he be given what her father intends for her, and not ask her to surrender all the happiness of her life to this man's keeping. She loves Henry Davenport, as for this man she only does not love, but she believes she begins to hate him. She will see him herself, and beseech him to take from her the hard choice of sacrificing herself and bringing unhappiness to her father. Mabel calls. The condition of restoring her father's property relates to herself, and it is impossible for her father to comply with it. Her heart is won by Henry Davenport. She urges Dick Clarke to accept a part of the money, it is in his power to place it in her father's hands. It's a proposition he cannot consider. Mabel bids him good morning. Clarke admires her pride.

Long Arrow, an Indian, has a daughter Waurega, who must be the wife of one brave and skillful. The formidable rival is Indian John. Okanoga is the favored suitor. Indian John yields to temptation and becomes unconscious from drink. The rivals gather and Okanoga gains the coveted prize, and leads Waurega to his wigwam. Another scene is enacted when he lifts his tomahawk when he to his son's lodge; he lifts his tomahawk when he fancies he sees a resemblance in his son's face to the mother ten years dead and his arm falls to his side. He upbraids his son, he is not a warrior—he is only a dog. John denies the accusation, and his father reiterates: "Let him go and live among dogs—he has no son," and the Indian replies, "John has no father!" Indian John feels the need of food, and shoots a deer. Dick Clarke fires a musket and claims the deer as his victim. The Indian asserts it is his. Clarke offers him money if he will say nothing about it and displays gold as well as silver. John snatches the pocketbook with one hand and pinions Clarke's arm and ties him hand and foot with a cord. He secures the gold and silver and throws the pocketbook away containing the valuable information relating to the hidden treasure. Jerry goes fishing. Coming home he finds the pocketbook containing the paper left by Mabel's grandfather. Jerry meets Henry Davenport. He would give five hundred dollars if he could put his eyes on the paper. Jerry thinks he will take the money now and he lets Henry Davenport read the paper. Mehitable in search of some peculiar herb hears a call and discovers Richard Clarke as Indian John leaves him. She has nothing to fear if she releases him. She reveals her love for Clarke and invites him to the house. He must keep on the track of Indian John. Failing to find the papers he thinks the Indian destroys them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MABEL AND HER FATHER.

MABEL PARKHURST was not a man of strong mind or strong feelings. When he was angry or disturbed, instead of blinding out in a sudden fit of passion he indulged himself and annoyed others by a fit of sullen gloom, or peevish irritability, during the continuance of which it was quite impossible for anyone to please him.

It was in this way that he revenged himself for his daughter's firm determination not to sacrifice herself to Clarke for the sake of restoring her father to the position he coveted.

Without directly reproving her for this resolve, he showed by his manner that he was disappointed and offended with her for her refusal. For example, at the breakfast-table one morning, Mabel asked her father if she should not pass him the plate of biscuit.

He responded with a deep sigh, "No, I have no appetite."

"Are you unwell?" "I shall be soon if the mind has any effect upon the body," said Mr. Parkhurst gloomily.

Mabel was silent, well knowing to what her father referred.

"I feel that this life is wearing upon me," he continued in a melancholy tone. "My temperament and my tastes unfit me for living in the wilderness. There is not a moment when the city and the old life I led there are out of my mind."

"Don't you think you would enjoy yourself better if you went about more?" asked Mabel. "There are some very pleasant families about here."

"I have no spirits to go out," said the parent.

"You think so now, father, but I think you would find your spirits imperceptibly rising."

"You know nothing about it, child. It may do for you who are young and can adapt yourself to new scenes, but for me it is impossible. I am like an old tree which has been violently torn up by the roots and removed to an incongenial soil. As it will inevitably die, so I look forward to but a short time spent in wretchedness, after which death will come as a happy release."

"Do not give yourself up to such gloomy fancies, father," said Mabel in deep distress. "You make me unhappy."

"I am sorry to blight your happiness, but it will be only for a short time. I shall pass away, and in the happiness of married life you will forget me."

"Oh, father, how can you talk so?" remonstrated Mabel in deep concern.

"I do not speak thus to reproach you," said Mr. Parkhurst in the tone of a martyr. It may be remarked that although he had declined to receive a biscuit when proffered by his daughter, he had helped himself, and in spite of his despondence was eating with apparent relish.

"I do not say this to reproach you," he proceeded. "I suppose it is only natural that the young should be wholly wrapped up in themselves and in their own plans, and so forget those who have passed before them on the stage of life. You are only like the rest. And perhaps it is as well. I have no desire to act as a kill-joy to your happiness, and though I am wretched myself, I have no disposition to interfere with your enjoyment of life."

"But how can I enjoy life when I see you so unhappy, father? Is there nothing I can do to restore you to cheerfulness?"

"There is but one thing," said her father, "and that is a thing which I shall not ask of you. If any sacrifice is to be made, it is best that I should make it. You have more years to live than I, and it is best that I should go to the grave rather than interfere with any of your plans."

This was setting the conduct of Mabel in an odious light, and under the cover of resignation really taxing her with selfishness and disregard of her father's happiness, while at the same time it undervalued the sacrifice which was demanded of her.

"Interfering with any of your plans," was certainly a mild way of expressing a marriage with one whom not only she did not love, but for whom she felt a positive repugnance.

"You mean that I can help you only by marrying Mr. Clarke," said Mabel with a troubled expression.

"That is the only way which will restore me to my former place in society, and so prolong my life," said Mr. Parkhurst. "But I am not so selfish as to require it at your hands. You would prefer to marry Henry Davenport, and I do not wish to influence your choice. To one at my age, a few years more or less of life make little difference, and I freely confess that if, as it appears likely, my life is to be spent in this wilderness, I would prefer to die. Life can have no charm for me. It is at least a consolation to me"—this was said in his gloomiest manner—"to feel that my daughter has nothing to interfere with her happiness."

As Mr. Parkhurst said this, he supplied himself with his fourth biscuit, which he ate in a resigned way as if he ate only because he felt that it was necessary to life.

All this was very trying to Mabel, who felt that all her father said was meant as a reproach to her—particularly his references to her happiness.

"Father," she said, "I feel very much troubled by your unhappiness, and am sorry that I cannot do the only thing which would relieve you, but I cannot marry Mr. Clarke. He is thoroughly odious to me—I feel a repugnance to him which I cannot account for."

"It is enough," said her father in a melancholy tone. "As I said I do not wish to interfere with your plans, and if you prefer Henry Davenport—"

"Prefer!" repeated Mabel. "That is not the word. It would imply that this man Clarke was any way tolerable."

"He is a lawyer in good standing," said her father severely. "Because you do not choose to marry him, you should not malign him."

Mabel was somewhat taken aback by this unexpected defense of the lawyer from her father's lips.

"At least you must admit his rascality in taking such an advantage of you as he is attempting to do."

"I am not clear about that," said Mr. Parkhurst perversely. "All men are selfish—some more than others perhaps—but none are free from it. This man finds himself in possession of a secret which gives him the power of obtaining something he is anxious to obtain. I do not know that we ought to blame him for availing himself of this for his own advantage."

"But father, is it not dishonest to withhold that which belongs to another?" asked Mabel in considerable astonishment. "Would a man of honor adopt such a method of forcing a compliance with his desires?"

"As to honesty, Mabel, you will remember that he might have taken the money and said nothing about it to any of us. It is clear to me that, whatever else may be said of him, he is not a mercenary man. No, he is evidently very much in love with you, and his love has led him to take advantage of this accidental discovery of the letter. No, I cannot permit you to speak of him unjustly, although it might be expected that I, upon whom his resolute persistence in standing by his conditions falls heaviest, it might be expected that I should be most disposed to reproach him. But though he has wronged me, I will yet be just to him."

"You are altogether too indulgent in your opinion of him," said Mabel.

"When you have lived to my age," said her father, "you will learn to look upon the world with different eyes. There is not so much difference between different people as you may be tempted to believe. We all have a root of selfishness in us that goes down deeper than you may suppose. I have no doubt that this young lover of yours, Henry Davenport, would act in the same way as Mr. Clarke if he were placed in similar circumstances."

"You cannot mean so, father," said Mabel with indignant emphasis. "Henry like this fellow Clarke! If I thought he would ever become so, I would never marry him!"

"I do not wish to lessen your confidence in him," said Mr. Parkhurst, who by the way desisted from nothing more. "It is well that we should shut our eyes to the imperfections of our friends. Ignorance is the only bliss."

Mabel was about to remonstrate with her father for holding such low views of human nature, when her attention was drawn to the figure of Henry Davenport, as he dashed into the yard on horseback. Feeling assured that something unusual brought him, and hoping that it might be to bring good tidings, she hastily rose from the table, and went to the door to admit him.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONSULTATION.

The joyful expression upon the face of Henry Davenport confirmed Mabel's anticipations.

Dismounting from his steed he hastened to her side, saying, "Well, Mabel, what do you think I have got?"

"Not the letter!" she exclaimed eagerly.

"You cannot have got the letter!"

See first page illustration.

"What do you call that, then?" he asked triumphantly, displaying the yellow and crumpled paper that was to them of such immense importance.

"Where did you get it?" asked Mabel breathlessly.

"Bought it."

"Bought it?"

"Yes, and I am to pay five hundred dollars for it."

"What can you mean, Henry?" asked the bewildered girl. "Surely the lawyer would not part with it for that sum?"

"No, and probably he knows nothing of its disposal. The purchase was made of Jerry."

"Of Jerry?"

"Yes. I see you are surprised, and I will no longer keep you in suspense. You must know, then, that as I was riding in the forest, I came upon Jerry apparently indulging in a fit of meditation. Accosting him, I inquired what occupied his thoughts, when he gradually led me on until he drew out our whole history, and ended by eliciting from me an offer of five hundred dollars for the missing letter, on which he at once produced the document and claimed the money. I feel so grateful to him for his thus removing the only impediment to our union that I shall faithfully keep my promise to him, and pay him the amount."

"I am more surprised than you. How did Jerry stumble upon such a valuable discovery?"

"I did not appear able to give much information upon that point. He had been hurrying along in the forest, and accidentally came upon a pocketbook containing papers, and among them this."

"Belonging of course to Mr. Clarke?"

"Yes, his name was upon it."

"Could he have dropped it?"

"Hardly, for it seemed to be empty, so far as money is concerned. The probability is that it was stolen from him, and the pocketbook and paper thrown away after the money had been taken. But there is Mehitable coming to the house in a high state of excitement apparently. What can have happened?"

Mehitable, it will be remembered, was just from the woods where she had accomplished the deliverance of the lawyer. It was altogether too remarkable an adventure for her to keep to herself, and she accordingly rushed into the presence of her young mistress in a fever of excitement, intent upon telling all that had befallen her.

"What is the matter, Mehitable?" asked Mabel in some curiosity. "I judge from your manner, that something remarkable has occurred."

"So there has, Miss Mabel. Something so surprising, and just think that I should have been the means of delivering him from his bonds."

"Him? Whom do you mean by him?" asked Henry Davenport with sudden interest, suspecting the truth.

"Why, Mr. Clarke to be sure; the gentleman that is boarding to the tavern. Oh, he has such sweet pretty manners!"

"You seem to be quite in love with him, Mehitable."

"Me!" simpered Mehitable. "How can you talk so, Miss Mabel! And to be sure, if I did, it would not be surprising, for he was so attentive. You can't think how polite and attentive he was. But I don't know whether it would be best to change my situation in life. Men are so deceitful!"

"Mehitable, I protest against this wholesale aspersions upon the sex," said Henry Davenport with mock indignation and seeming great seriousness. "Fie upon you!"

"Perhaps I am wrong," said Mehitable, "but you know we girls have to be very circumspectious, don't we, Miss Mabel?"

Certainly," responded Mabel, keeping her countenance with difficulty. "But you have not told us about Mr. Clarke. Did you say he was tied?"

"Yes, he was tied hand and foot, and was laid under a tree. You can't think how my heart bled for him, Miss Mabel. I was walking along as innocent as could be, when all at once I heard a voice. I was frustrated and going to run, till I knew who it was. He asked me to untie the knots for him, and you can't think how happy it made me feel to think it was I that came along just as I did. It would have been so dreadful if he had been obliged to stay there all night, and he might have caught cold, too."

Mabel and Henry Davenport exchanged a smile as they saw how deeply Mehitable had become interested in the lawyer.

"I suppose," said the young man jocosely, "that he repaid you with a kiss when you had succeeded in freeing him from his uncomfortable position."

Poor Mehitable! Her pride led her to think of using an evasion which might lead her auditors to imagine that she was admired by the object of her own admiration.

"You did, I couldn't help it," she said modestly.

Young Davenport at first looked surprised, and then, as he fathomed the spinster's motive, amused, but out of consideration for her feelings he did not display any incredulity, though the lean, sallow, and wrinkled face of Mehitable certainly would warrant a doubt of her powers of fascination.

"How came Mr. Clarke in such a situation?" asked Mabel.

"It was all along of that wretch, Indian John," said Mehitable. She added with energy, "If I could get hold of him, I would scratch him."

"But what object could he have in binding Mr. Clarke? Did he have any grudge against him?"

"It wasn't that. It was because he was a thief. He wanted Mr. Clarke's money."

Here Mabel and Henry Davenport exchanged a look of intelligence. By questioning they obtained from Mehitable all the additional information of which she was possessed. This, however, proved to be but slight.

A consultation was then held as to what was best to be done.

Of course it occurred to them that the lawyer, finding his pocketbook gone, with its valuable papers missing, would feel uneasy, and might be tempted to return to New York immediately, and possess himself of the treasure before anyone else could make use of the information to be obtained from the paper.

This was by all means to be avoided. It would, therefore, be advisable to ease his mind by holding out some inducements of a disposition to yield to his solicitations and agree to a marriage, accompanied by the desire of more time for consideration.

It was decided not to communicate the discovery to Mr. Parkhurst, lest by his changed manner he should awake the lawyer's suspicions. Furthermore it was arranged that Henry Davenport should at once proceed to New York, and as quietly as possible remove the treasure to some other place, after which he would return and the marriage would take place.

This would probably occupy a fortnight, as in that day the means of communications between different parts of the country were in their infancy compared with the present day, and the distance of three hundred miles between them and New York could not well be traversed in much less than a week.

This arrangement was on many accounts decided to be the best that could be fixed upon,

and Henry Davenport agreed to start for the city inside of two days. Meanwhile Mabel was to keep the lawyer in tow until it should no longer be necessary to fear him, and enjoin Jerry to say nothing whatever of what had occurred.

On the very next day Dick Clarke rode over to the Parkhursts' place. Although he was well satisfied that the papers had been destroyed by the Indian, the bare possibility that the most valuable one might have been preserved made him feel somewhat uneasy, and he therefore wished to know how his prospects stood with Mabel.

To his gratified surprise she received him more gently than he had hoped. She told him frankly, that her affections were set upon another, and that it would be painful for her to part from him; yet that in a matter where her father's happiness seemed so much involved she was not willing to decide hastily. She therefore begged him to allow her a fortnight to make up her mind.

Nothing in her manner excited the lawyer's suspicions, and he left the house with a happy confidence that the campaign would close in fourteen days with the happiest results to him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JERRY RECEIVES A LETTER.

In those days the post-office service was very primitive. Letters came to the neighborhood about once a month and were usually left at Hill's Tavern to be called for. The receiver had to pay to get his letter, and often the charge was one or two shillings.

On the morning following the consultation between Mabel and Henry Davenport, Jerry was sent to the tavern to see if any letters had arrived.

"Mind you bring me a nice one," said Mehitable to the boy.

"If it's a dollar shall I pay for it, Hitty?"

"Mercy on me! No, indeed, Jerry Blue. A letter ought not to be over a shilling."

"But supposing it contains an offer of marriage? Some men, you know, would rather write a proposal than make one face to face."

"What do you know about proposals?" demanded the spinster.

"Oh, I know some men are as bashful as some ladies. Now I think Mr. Clarke is a real bashful man."

Jerry said this sarcastically, but Mehitable took it in dead earnest.

"Do you really?" she simpered.

"Why, to be sure. He's the most bashful man I ever set eyes on."

"Isn't it strange, I thought so myself, Jerry."

The spinster was thinking of the scene in the woods and what Henry Davenport had said about being kissed. "Well—ahem—you bring my letter, if there is one."

"And pay the dollar?" demanded Jerry teasingly.

"It won't be a dollar. It hadn't ought to be more than a shilling."

"But if it is half a dollar, or two shillings?" insisted the mischievous boy.

"Well, you can pay half a dollar, but it's an awful price," was the slow answer, and then Jerry started off, for the squire had told him to come back promptly.

As Jerry was on the way to Hill's Tavern he came up to Dick Clarke, who was out on another hunt for the missing document of importance.

"Hullo, boy!" sang out the lawyer, in a by no means pleasant tone of voice.

"Means yourself!" returned Jerry. He did not feel like being polite to one who had caused trouble for his master and his young mistress.

Dick Clarke looked at the boy sharply.

"You're a very nice boy," he remarked coldly.

"Thank you," answered Jerry.

"Don't they teach you any manners at the Parkhursts?"

"All the manners I want."

"My, but you are impudent!" cried Dick Clarke. "It seems to me you ought to have a dressing down."

"If I do need dressing down, you'll not be the one to give it to me," went on Jerry, as independently as ever.

Now it happened that Clarke was in a particularly bad humor, and in a twinkling he caught Jerry by the collar.

"I'll teach you to talk respectfully to your betters," he cried, shaking the boy roughly.

"Let go of me!" roared Jerry. "Let go, or I'll hit you!"

"I'll let go after you promise to behave yourself."

"I won't promise anything," panted Jerry, and gave the lawyer a sudden push in the stomach that sent him sprawling on his back. The hold was broken, and Jerry leaped back to a safe distance.

"Hi! hi! you rascal!" puffed Dick Clarke, as he turned over and got up. "I'll warn you good for that!" And he shook his fist at Jerry.

"You will—if you can catch me," answered the boy, keeping at a safe distance.

"What do you mean by knocking me down?"

"What do you mean by shaking me?"

"You deserved the shaking."

"Then you deserved to be knocked down."

"You young villain!"

"You old villain!"

Here both stopped to glare at each other. Dick Clarke was boiling with rage, while Jerry felt like doubling up with laughter.

"If I was Squire Parkhurst, I wouldn't have you in my house a minute," continued the lawyer, not knowing what else to say.

If you were the squire, I wouldn't stay with you a minute."

"What put you on a high horse, anyway?"

"I am not on a high horse—I'm on foot," and Jerry grinned.

Again Dick Clarke made a dash for the lad. But Jerry was too nimble for him and easily kept out of his reach.

"Just you wait till I catch you!" called out the lawyer.

"If you touch me again, I'll complain to the squire."

"Indeed?"

"And I'll complain to Miss Mabel, too."

At this Dick Clarke's face changed color.

"See here, Jerry, I want to talk to you," he said, after a pause.

"All right, fire away," said the boy, but kept at a safe distance.

"Come closer. I don't want to yell like a bull."

"Thanks, but I didn't know bulls yelled. They generally bellow around here."

"You know what I mean. Do you think a good deal of Miss Mabel?"

"To be sure I do."

"That young Davenport comes to see her pretty often, doesn't he?"

"You had better ask her that question. It's none of my business. And now I've got to be off," continued Jerry, and went on his way, whistling a favorite air at the top of his wind power.

"A curious boy" murmured the lawyer, gazing after him. "How I would like to give him a dressing down!"

The encounter with the lawyer did not diminish Jerry's high spirits in the least, and his arrival at Hill's Tavern found him still whistling merrily.

"Well, Jerry, what brings you?" demanded the landlord, knowing full well that the boy did not want a drink of liquor.

"I want to know if there are any letters for the folks at our place, Mr. Hill."

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ST. ELMO

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CHAPTER XXXVI. (CONTINUED.)

DURING the two days that succeeded the death of Felix, Edna did not leave her room; and without her knowledge Mrs. Andrews administered opiates that stupefied her. Late on the morning of the third she awoke, and lay for some time trying to collect her thoughts.

Her mind was clouded, but gradually it cleared, and she strained her ears to distinguish the low words spoken in the apartment next to her own. She remembered, as in a feverish dream, all that passed on the night that Felix died; and pressing her hand over her aching forehead, she rose and sat on the edge of her bed.

The monotonous sounds in the neighboring room swelled louder for a few seconds, and now she heard very distinctly the words: "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

She shivered, and wrapped around her shoulders a bright blue shawl that had been thrown over the foot of the bed.

Walking across the floor, she opened the door, and looked in.

The boy's body had been embalmed, and placed in a coffin which rested in the center of the room; and an English clergyman, a friend of Mr. Manning's, read the burial service.

Mrs. Andrews and Hattie were weeping in one corner and Mr. Manning leaned against the window, with his hand on Lila's curls. As the door swung open and Edna entered, he looked up.

Her dressing gown of gray merino trailed on the marble floor, and her bare feet gleamed like ivory, as one hand caught up the soft merino folds sufficiently to enable her to walk. Over the blue shawl streamed her beautiful hair, making the wan face look even more ghastly by contrast with its glossy jet masses.

She stood irresolute, with her calm, mournful eyes riveted on the coffin, and Mr. Manning saw her pale lips move as she staggered toward it. He sprang to meet and intercept her, and she stretched her hands in the direction of the corpse, and smiled strangely, murmuring like one in a troubled dream:

"You need not be afraid, little darling, 'there is no night there.'"

She reeled and put her hand to her heart, and would have fallen, but Mr. Manning caught and carried her back to her room.

For two weeks she hovered on the borders of eternity; and often the anxious friends who watched her, felt that they would rather see her die than endure the suffering through which she was called.

She bore it silently, meekly, and when the danger seemed over, and she was able to sleep without the aid of narcotics, Mrs. Andrews could not bear to look at the patient white face, so hopelessly calm.

No allusion was made to Felix, even after she was able to sit up and drive; but once, when Mr. Manning brought her some flowers, she looked sorrowfully at the snowy orange-blossoms, whose strong perfume made her turn paler, and said faintly:

"I shall never love them or violets again. Take them away, Hattie, out of my sight; put them on your brother's grave. They smell of death."

From that day she made a vigorous effort to rouse herself, and the boy's name never passed her lips; though she spent many hours over a small manuscript which she found among his books, directed to her for revision. "Tales for Little Cripples," was the title he had given it, and she was surprised at the beauty and pathos of many of the sentences. She carefully revised and rewrote it, adding a brief sketch of the young writer, and gave it to his mother.

About a month after Felix's death the governess seemed to have recovered her physical strength, and Mrs. Andrews announced her intention of going to Germany. Mr. Manning had engagements that led him to France, and, on the last day of their stay at Genoa, he came as usual to spend the evening with Edna.

A large budget of letters and papers had arrived from America; and when he gave her the package containing her share, she glanced over the directions, threw them unopened into a heap on the table, and continued the conversation in which she was engaged, concerning the architecture of the churches in Genoa.

Mrs. Andrews had gone to the vault where the body of her son had been temporarily placed, and Edna was alone with the editor.

"You ought to look into your papers; they contain very gratifying intelligence for you. Your last book has gone through ten editions, and your praises are chanted all over your native land. Surely, if ever a woman had adulation enough to render her perfectly happy and pardonably proud, you are the fortunate individual. Already your numerous readers are inquiring when you will give them another book."

She leaned her head back against her chair, and the little hands caressed each other as they rested on her knee, while her countenance was eloquent with humble gratitude for the success that God had permitted to crown her efforts; but she was silent.

"Do you intend to write a book of travels, embracing the incidents that have marked your tour? I see the public expect it."

"No, sir. It seems now to be a mere matter of course that all readers who come to Europe, should afflict the reading world with an account of what they saw or failed to see. So many noble books have been already published, thoroughly describing this continent, that I have not the temerity, the presumption to attempt to retouch the grand old world-pictures. At present, I expect to write nothing. I want to study some subjects that greatly interest me, and I shall try to inform and improve myself, and keep silent until I see some phase of truth neglected, or some new aspect of error threatening mischief in society. Indeed, I have great cause for gratitude in my literary career. At the beginning I felt apprehensive that I was destined to sit always under the left hand of fortune, whom Michael Angelo designed as a lovely woman seated on a revolving wheel, throwing crowns and laurel wreaths from her right hand, while only thorns dropped in a sharp, stinging shower from the other; but, after a time, the wheel turned, and now I feel only the soft pattering of the laurel leaves. God knows I do most earnestly appreciate His abundant blessing upon what I have thus far striven to effect; but, until I see my way clearly to some subject of importance which a woman's hand may touch, I shall not take up my pen. Books seem such holy things to me, destined to plead either for or against their creators in the final tribunal, that I dare not lightly or hastily attempt to write them; and I cannot help thinking that the author who is less earnestly and solemnly impressed with the gravity, and, I may almost say, the sanctity of his or her work, is unworthy of it, and of public confidence. I dare not, even if I could, dash off articles and books as the rower shakes water-drops from his oars; and I humbly acknowledge that what success I

may have achieved is owing to hard, faithful work. I have received so many kind letters from children, that some time, if I live to be wise enough, I want to write a book especially for them. I am afraid to attempt it just now; for it requires more mature judgment and experience, and greater versatility of talent to write successfully for children than for grown persons. In the latter, one is privileged to assume native intelligence and cultivation; but the tender, untutored minds of the former permit no such margin; and this fact necessitates clearness and simplicity of style, and power of illustration that seem to me very rare. As yet, I am conscious of my incapacity for the mission of preparing juvenile books; but perhaps, if I study closely the characteristics of young people, I shall learn to understand them more thoroughly. So much depends on the proper training of our American youth, especially in view of the great political questions that now agitate the country, that I confess I feel some anxiety on the subject."

"But, Edna, you will not adhere to your resolution of keeping silent. The public is a merciless taskmaster; your own ambition will scourge you on; and having once put your hand to the literary plough, you will not be allowed to look back."

"Yes, sir; but he that plougheth should plough in hope. Mean time, I am resolved to plough no crooked, shallow furrows on the hearts of our people."

At length, when Mr. Manning rose to say good night, he looked gravely at the governess, and asked:

"Edna, cannot Lila take the vacant place in your sad heart?"

"It is not vacant, sir. Dear memories walk to and fro therein, weaving garlands of *immortelles*—singing sweet tunes of days and years—that can never die. Hereafter, I shall endeavor to entertain the precious guests I have already, and admit no more. The past is the realm of my heart; the present and future the kingdom where my mind must dwell, and my hands labor."

With a sigh he went away, and she took up the letters and began to read them. Many were from strangers, and they greatly cheered and encouraged her; but finally she opened one, whose superscription had until this instant escaped her cursory glance. It was from Mr. Hammond, and contained an account of Mr. Murray's ordination. She read and reread it, with a half-bewildered expression in her countenance, for the joy seemed far too great for credence. She looked again at the date and signature, and passing her hand over her brow, wondered if there could be any mistake. The paper fell into her lap, and a cry of delight rang through the room.

"Saved—purified—consecrated to God's holy work? A minister of Christ? O most merciful God! I thank Thee! My prayers are answered with a blessing I never dared to hope for, or even to dream of. Can I ever, ever be grateful enough? A pastor, holding up pure hands! Thank God! My sorrows are all ended now; there is no more grief for me! Ah! what a glory breaks upon the future! What thought I never see his face in this world? I can be patient indeed; for now I know, oh! I know that I shall surely see it yonder!"

She sank on her knees at the open window, and wept for the first time since Felix died. Happy tears mingled with broken words of rejoicing, that seemed a foretaste of heaven.

Her heart was so full of gratitude and exaltation that she could not sleep, and she sat down and looked over the sea, while her face was radiant and tremulous. The transition from patient hopelessness and silent struggling—this most unexpected and glorious fruition of the prayers of many years—was so sudden and intoxicating, that it completely unnerved her.

She could not bear this great happiness as she had borne her sorrows, and now and then she smiled to find tears gushing afresh from her beaming eyes.

Once, in an hour of sinful madness, Mr. Murray had taken a human life, and ultimately caused the loss of another; but the waves that were running high beyond the mole told her in thunder-tones that he had saved, had snatched two lives from their devouring rage. And the shining stars overhead greeted themselves into characters that said to her, "Judge not, but be not judged"; and the ancient mountains whispered, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God"; and the grateful soul of the lonely woman answered:

"That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WHY WON'T YOU SAY 'ST. ELMO, I LOVE YOU'?"
Immediately after her return to New York, Edna resumed her studies with renewed energy and found her physical strength recruited and her mind invigorated by repose. Her fondness for Hattie induced her to remain with Mrs. Andrews in the capacity of governess, though her position in the family had long ceased to resemble in any respect that of a hireling. Three hours of each day were devoted to the education of the little girl who, though vastly inferior in mental endowments to her brother, was an engaging and exceedingly affectionate child, fully worthy of the love which her gifted governess lavished upon her. The remainder of her time Edna divided between study, music, and an extensive correspondence, which daily increased.

She visited little, having no leisure and less inclination to fritter away the mornings in gossip and chit-chat; but she set apart one evening in each week for the reception of her numerous kind friends, and of all strangers who desired to call upon her. These reunions were brilliant and delightful, and it was considered a privilege to be present at gatherings where eminent men and graceful, refined, cultivated Christian women assembled to discuss ethical and aesthetic topics, which all educated Americans are deemed capable of comprehending.

Edna's abhorrence of the fashionable style of conversation, which was tolerated by many who really, disliked, but had not nerve enough to frown it down, was not a secret to anyone who read her writings or attended her receptions. Without obtruding her rigid views of true womanly delicacy and decorum upon anyone, her deportment under all circumstances silently published her opinion of certain latitudinarian expressions prevalent in society.

She saw that the growing tendency to free and easy manners and colloquial license was rapidly destroying all reverence for womanhood; was leveling the distinction between ladies' parlors and gentlemen's club-rooms; was placing the sexes on a platform of equality which was dangerous to feminine delicacy, that God-built bulwark of feminine purity and of national morality.

Believing that modesty and purity were twin sisters, and that vulgarity and vice were rarely ever divorced, Edna sternly refused to associate with those whose laxity of manners indicated, in her estimation, a corresponding laxity of morals. Married belles and married beaux she shunned and detested, regarding them as a

disgrace to their families, as a blot upon all noble womanhood and manhood, and as the most dangerous foes to the morality of the community, in which they unobtrusively violated heartstone statutes and the venerable maxims of social decorum.

The ostracized handed in wrath, and ridiculed her antiquated prudery; but knowing that the pure and noble mothers, wives, and daughters, honored and trusted her, Edna gave no heed to raillery and envious malice, but resolutely obeyed the promptings of her womanly intuitions.

Painful experience had taught her the imprudence, the short-sighted policy of working until very late at night; and in order to take due care of her health, she wisely resorted to a different system of study, which gave her more for her literary labors.

In the industrial pursuits of her own sex she was intensely interested, and spared no trouble in acquainting herself with the statistics of those branches of employment already open to them; consequently she was never so happy as when the recipient of letters from the poor women of the land, who thanked her for the words of hope, advice, and encouragement which she constantly addressed to them.

While the world honored her, she had the precious assurance that her Christian countrywomen loved and trusted her. She felt the painful need of Mr. Manning's society, and even his frequent letters did not fully satisfy her; but as he had resolved to remain in Europe, at least for some years, she bore the irreparable loss of his counsel and sympathy, as she bore all other privations, bravely and quietly.

Now and then alarming symptoms of the old suffering warned her of the uncertainty of her life; and after much deliberation, feeling that her time was limited, she commenced another book.

Mr. Hammond wrote, begging her to come to him, as he was now hopelessly infirm and confined to his room; but she shrank from a return to the village so intimately associated with events which she wished if possible to forget; and, though she declined the invitation, she proved her affection for her venerable teacher, by sending him every day a long, cheerful letter.

Since her departure from the parsonage, Mrs. Murray had never written to her; but through Mr. Hammond's and Huldah's letters, Edna learned that Mr. Murray was the officiating minister in the church which he had built in his boyhood; and now and then the old pastor painted pictures of "life at Locust," that brought happy tears to the orphan's eyes. She heard from time to time of the good the new minister was accomplishing among the poor; of the beneficial influence he exerted, especially over the young men of the community; of the charitable institutions to which he was devoting a large portion of his fortune; of the love and respect, the golden opinions he was winning from those whom he had formerly estranged by his sarcastic bitterness.

One darling rose-hued dream of her life was to establish a free school and circulating library in the village of Chattanooga; and keeping this hope ever in view, she had denied herself all superfluous luxuries, and jealously hoarded her savings.

She felt now that, should she become an invalid, and incapable of writing or teaching, the money made by her books, which Mr. Andrews had invested very judiciously, would at least supply her with the necessities of life.

One evening she held her weekly reception as usual, though she had complained of not feeling quite well that day.

A number of carriages stood before Mrs. Andrews' door, and many friends who laughed and talked to the governess little dreamed that it was the last time they would spend an evening together in her society. Edna had never conversed more brilliantly, and the auditors thought her voice was richer and sweeter than ever, as she sang the last song and rose from the piano.

The guests took their departure—the carriages rolled away.

Mrs. Andrews ran up to her room, and Edna paused in the brilliantly lighted parlors to read a note, which had been handed to her during the evening.

Standing under the blazing chandelier, the face and figure of this woman could not fail to excite interest in all who gazed upon her.

She was dressed in plain black silk, which exactly fitted her form, and in her hair glowed clusters of scarlet geranium flowers. A spray of red tulle was fastened by the beautiful stone cameo that confined her lace collar; and, save the handsome gold bands on her wrists, she wore no other ornaments.

Felix had given her these bracelets as a Christmas present, and after his death she never took them off; for inside he had his name and hers engraved, and between them the word "Amabel."

Tonight the governess was very weary, and the fair, sweet face wore its childish expression of mingled hopelessness, and perfect patience, and indescribable repose. As she read, the tired look passed away, and over her pallid features, so daintily sculptured, stole a faint glow, such as an ivory Niobe might borrow from the fluttering crimson folds of silken shroudings. The peaceful lips stirred also and the low tone was full of pathos as she said:

"How very grateful I ought to be. How much I have to make me happy, to encourage me to work diligently and faithfully. How comforting it is to feel that parents have sufficient confidence in me to be willing to commit their children to my care. What more can I wish? My cup is brimmed with blessings. Ah! why am I not entirely happy?"

The note contained the signatures of six wealthy gentlemen, who requested her acceptance of a tasteful and handsome house, on condition that she would consent to undertake the education of their daughters, and permit them to pay her a liberal salary.

It was a flattering tribute to the clearness of her intellect, the soundness of her judgment, the extent of her acquirements, and the purity of her heart.

While she could not accede to the proposition, she appreciated most gratefully the generosity and good opinion of those who made it.

Twisting the note between her fingers, her eyes fell on the carpet, and she thought of all her past; of the sorrows, struggles, and heartaches the sleepless nights and weary, joyless days—first of adverse, then of favorable criticism; of tolling, hoping, dreading, praying; and now, in the peaceful zenith of her triumph, popularity, and usefulness.

The note fluttered to the floor, the hands folded themselves together, and she raised her eyes to utter an humble, fervent "Thank God!" But the words froze on her lips; for as she looked up, she saw Mr. Murray standing a few feet from her.

"God has pardoned all my sins, and accepted me as a laborer worthy to enter His vineyard. Is Edna Earl more righteous than the Lord she worships?"

His face was almost as pale as hers, and his voice trembled as he extended his arms toward her.

She stood motionless, looking up at him with eyes that brightened until their joyful radiance

seemed indeed unearthly; and the faint, delicate blush on her cheeks deepened and burned, as with a quivering cry of gladness that told volumes, she hid her face in her hands.

He came nearer, and the sound of his low, mellow voice thrilled her heart as no other music ever had done.

"Edna, have you a right to refuse me forgiveness, when the blood of Christ has purified me from the guilt of other years?"

She trembled and said brokenly:

"Mr. Murray—you never wronged me—and I have nothing to forgive."

"Do you still believe me an unprincipled hypocrite?"

"Oh! no, no, no!"

"Do you believe that my repentance has been sincere, and acceptable to my insulted God? Do you believe that I am now as faithfully endeavoring to serve Him, as a remorseful man possibly can?"

"I hope so, Mr. Murray."

"Edna, can you trust me now?"

Some seconds elapsed before she answered, and then the words were scarcely audible.

"I trust you."

"Thank God!"

There was a brief pause, and she heard a heavily-drawn sigh escape him.

"Edna, it is useless to tell you how devotedly I love you, for you have known that for years; and yet you have shown my love no mercy. But perhaps if you could realize how much more I your help in my holy work, how much more I could accomplish in the world if you were with me, you might listen, without steeling yourself against me, as you have so long done. Can you, will you trust me fully? Can you be a minister's wife, and aid him as only you can? Oh, my darling, my darling! I never expect to be worthy of you! But you can make me less unworthy! My own darling, come to me!"

He stood within two feet of her, but he was—too humble? Nay, nay, too proud to touch her without permission.

Her hands fell from her crimson cheeks, and she looked up at the countenance of her king.

In her fond eyes he seemed noble and sanctified, and worthy of all confidence; and as he opened his arms once more, she glided into them and laid her head on his shoulder, whispering:

"Oh! I trust you! I trust you fully!"

Standing in the close, tender clasp of his strong arms, she listened to a narration of his grief and loneliness, his hopes and fears, his desolation and struggles and prayers during their long separation. Then for the first time she learned that he had come more than once to New York, solely to see her, having exacted a promise from Mr. Manning that he would not betray his presence in the city. He had followed her at a distance as she wandered with the children through the Park; and, once in the ramble, stood so close to her, that he put out his hand and touched her dress. Mr. Manning had acquainted him with all that had ever passed between them on the subject of his unsuccessful suit; and during her sojourn in Europe, had kept him regularly advised of the state of her health.

At last when Mr. Murray bent his head to press his lips again to hers, he exclaimed in the old, pleading tone that had haunted her memory for years:

"Edna, with all your meekness you are willfully proud. You tell me you trust me, and you nestle your dear head here on my shoulder—why won't you say what you know so well I am longing, hungering to hear? Why won't you say, 'St. Elmo, I love you!'"

The glowing face was only pressed closer.

"My little darling!"

"Oh, Mr. Murray! could I be here?"

"Well, my stately Miss Earl! I am waiting most respectfully to allow you an opportunity of expressing yourself."

No answer.

He laughed as she had heard him once before, when he took her in his arms and dared her to look into his eyes.

"When I heard your books extolled; when I heard your praises from men, women, and children; when I could scarcely pick up a paper without finding some mention of your name; when I came here tonight, and paced the pavement, waiting for your admirers to leave the house; whenever and wherever I have heard your dear name uttered, I have been exultingly proud! For I knew that the heart of the people's pet was mine! I gloried in the consciousness, which alone strengthened and comforted me, that, despite all that the public could offer you, despite the adulation of other men, and despite my utter unworthiness, my own darling was true to me! that you never loved anyone but St. Elmo Murray! And as God reigns above us, His happy world holds no man so grateful, so happy, so proud as I am! No man so resolved to prove himself worthy of his treasure! Edna, looking back across the dark years that have gone so heavily over my head, and comparing you, my pure, precious darling, with that woman, whom in my boyhood I selected for my life-companion, I know not whether I am most humble, or grateful, or proud!"

"Ah! who am I, that God hath saved me from the doom I did desire, and crossed the lot myself had craved?"

To set me higher?

What have I done that he should bow from heaven to choose a wife for me?

And what deserved, he should endow my home with THEE?"

As Mr. Hammond was not able to take the fatiguing journey North, and Edna would not permit anyone else to perform her marriage ceremony, she sent Mr. Murray home without her, promising to come to the parsonage as early as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were deeply pained by the intelligence of her approaching departure, and finally consented to accompany her on her journey.

The last day of the orphan's sojourn in New York was spent at the quiet spot where Felix slept his last sleep; and it caused her keen grief to bid good by to his resting-place, which was almost as dear to her as the grave of her grandfather. Their affection had been so warm, so sacred, that she clung fondly to his memory; and it was not until she reached the old village depot, where carriages were waiting for the party, that the shadows of that day entirely left her countenance.

In accordance with her own request, Edna did not see Mr. Murray again until the hour appointed for their marriage.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon, warm with sunshine, when she permitted Mrs. Murray to lead her into the study where the party had assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Hattie, Huldah, and the white-haired pastor, were all there, and when Edna entered, Mr. Murray advanced to meet her, and received her hand from his mother.

The orphan's eyes were bent to the floor, and never lifted, even when the trembling voice of her beloved pastor pronounced her St. Elmo Murray's wife. The intense pallor of her face frightened Mrs. Andrews, who watched her with suspended breath, and once moved eagerly toward her. Mr. Murray felt her lean more heavily against him during the ceremony; and, now turning to take her in his arms, he saw that her eyelashes had fallen on her cheeks—she had lost all consciousness of what was passing.

Two hours elapsed before she recovered fully from the attack; and when the blood showed itself again in lips that were kissed so repeatedly, Mr. Murray lifted her from the sofa in the study, and passing his arm around her, said:

"Today I snap the fetters of your literary bondage. There shall be no more books written! No more study, no more toil, no more anxiety, no more heartache! And that dear public you love so well, must even help itself, and whistle for a new pet. You belong solely

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Dear Madam:

This magnificent gold lace breakfast set will cost you the freight charges and a kind word of recommendation, *and that is absolutely all it will ever cost you.*

It is not a premium for which you must work—you need not take a single order for anything to get this breakfast set exactly as offered.

Yet we do not claim that this set is "free," as we do accept *something*—a word of recommendation—from you in return.

SPECIAL: This extra liberal offer is open **ONLY** to lady readers of this paper. **MEN AND CHILDREN NEED NOT APPLY.**

Send your name and address and we will promptly ship you the beautiful breakfast set exactly as per our liberal offer.

This Gold Lace Breakfast Set is the very latest, richest and most aristocratic high-grade china. The breakfast set is decorated in the richest color effects ever seen in any domestic or imported china. The entire border is in lace work of shimmering gold, the kind used on the finest and most aristocratic dishes. In the center is a beautiful multi-colored, wild rose design made by the famous decalcomania process. The china itself is white and pure, just the right weight, not easily chipped and of that peculiar mild luster which makes ladies who are posted on first-class china exclaim: "Here is something extra fine in a breakfast set." The set has just the right number of pieces for a proper tea or breakfast set. It is the kind of a set prescribed by good form, being composed of the usual 31 pieces as follows: 1 large meat platter, 6 breakfast plates or tea plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 oatmeal or fruit dishes, 6 butter dishes. All these pieces, of course, regulation full size.

Besides the Breakfast Set we will send you at once a 26-pc. casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware, guaranteed for 50 years—the wonderful new genuine Quaker Valley product. **This splendid casket we send you without a cent of deposit and we charge no C. O. D.** We feel that you will be as much pleased and surprised at the casket of silverware as you will be pleased with the Gold Lace Breakfast Set. Each casket contains 26 magnificent shining pieces of Solid Cuevee Silverware—6 knives, 6 forks, 6 large spoons, 6 small spoons, a butter knife and a sugar shell (all Nasturtium pattern). The casket (14 inches long and 10 inches high) is made of leatherette and lined with a fine grade of satin. It is marked with our 50-year guarantee, for all Solid Cuevee Silverware actually carries a 50-year guarantee. Experts say it is more desirable than "Sterling," for you have to pay three prices merely for the name "Sterling." Yet we send you the casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware besides the breakfast set without expecting you to send us one cent. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity.

The Offer:

Now you understand that we want to send you both the breakfast set and the casket of silverware without a cent from you. After you have received this casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware we know you will be glad to help us with your kind recommendations; we know you will be



My friends called..... You ought to have heard the exclamations of surprise when they saw the silverware and the dishes," writes Mrs. Geo. Bass, Lakewood, Ohio.

"It was so easy, so very very easy," wrote Mrs. A. B. Andrews of Topeka, Kas., only two days after she had received her casket of silverware. "I got your casket and took it home without paying one cent, exactly as you promised. My friends called and 2 of them immediately wanted caskets like mine. A third came back the next day and left her order so I earned my casket free. Your breakfast set besides is a beauty and everybody admires it." (Signed) Mrs. Arthur B. Andrews.

Send No Money

just your name and address on the coupon

telling us you want the breakfast set and the casket of silverware at once. If you do not decide at once that this Solid Cuevee Silverware is the kind that you would most cheerfully and willingly recommend to your friends, if you do not feel more than justified in inviting friends to send their orders for this exclusive Quaker Valley product, we do not want you to keep the silverware, but will ask you to return it at once at our expense. We want only those people who are enthusiastic and who can conscientiously recommend our silverware to get this remarkably liberal offer, and we know you will be enthusiastic when you see the silverware (aside from the set of dishes which we give you as an extra gift). We know you will be glad to recommend our goods; that is why we are willing to send you the goods without asking a cent from you in advance, with our **POSITIVE GUARANTEE** that you do not take a bit of risk in signing the coupon. We take all the risk of satisfying you. We raise no argument; we let the goods speak for themselves; the decision is left to you. Now sign the coupon and get this wonderful offer before anybody else gets it in your town. Sign and mail coupon at once.

QUAKER VALLEY MFG. CO.
353 W. Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

We are also selling silver polish in 25-cent cans. This polish we are distributing only through the trade, but if you will send us your grocer's name and address, we will include a package of Cuevee Silver Polish, and a fine imported chamols skin free with the casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware.

Not Free =But

be sure to
read care-
fully every
word of this
GRAND offer



No let-
ter no.
oessary,
just sig
the coupon.
**SEND NO
MONEY.**

FREE COUPON CUT OR TEAR OFF ON THIS LINE
I want your breakfast set and your casket of silver as offered.
Your name.....
Married ladies should always sign themselves with their husband's (and not with their own) given name for example, Mrs. John Smith (not Mrs. Mary Smith).
Your address.....
If you will send us your grocer's name, we will send you a 50c can of Cuevee Silver Polish and fine imported chamols skin free with the casket of silver.
Grocer's name.....
Address.....

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

ained the reticent, frigid courtesy with which she had received him when he first crossed her threshold bearing his unconscious wife. He had never touched the slender white fingers that pointed to the staircase that day, and while she allowed herself no verbal expression of animosity, he was humiliated by the consciousness of her intense detestation. As Southern hostesses in a typical Southern home, she fully realized the etiquette of hospitality accentuated the position she assigned him—that of stranger within her gates. He had hoped the baby might break the chasm, but when he ventured to dwell upon his unwillingness to deprive Mrs. Maurice of this "sweet source of solace," she promptly dispelled his illusion.

"Make no mistake, Judge Kent. You leave the poor child here, and I retain her simply because her mother so requested."

Desiring to minimize sources of future contention, she had directed Mr. Whitfield to acquaint him with her will, whereby the entire estate would pass at her death into the hands of certain trustees, who, after providing a liberal annuity for Elzab and Eliza, should control absolutely all interests until Elzab was twenty-one years old, when a legacy of five thousand dollars would be paid to Elzab. Should the little girl be removed from the care of her foster-mother, the annuity of the former ceased, and half of the value of the estate should be deducted from her inheritance; and if Elzab died before marriage, the homestead was bequeathed to childless Confederate widows of that State, as an Egbert Maurice memorial. Since General Maurice's last testament had left his fortune unconditionally to his wife, there was no appeal from her decision, and Judge Kent bore the keen disappointment with such semblance of acquiescence as he could summon, striving to veil his hatred of the woman whose contempt lay beneath her studied courtesy. An adroit and tireless schemer, he usually steered safely in the troubled political sea, and only once, in an unguarded moment, dared the current of Mrs. Maurice's convictions.

"If the people of the South could only reason from the analogy of history—"

He was silenced by the hand thrown up, palm outward.

"We have only the privilege of suffering and remembering. The grim analogy of Sicily under Verres suggests a rather painful parallel. For us there remains solely the grace of silence; and it were well if you, sir, could set me an example, when numbered among guests under my roof."

The voice was low, clear, steady, but the narrow lip arched, and the light in her blue eyes reminded him of the violet flame one sees flash up over a bed of hot anthracite.

Elzab was five years old when her father was called to Washington, and thence sent to Europe on a government mission, which he so successfully accomplished that on his return the governor of his native State appointed him senator to fill an unexpired term. Having proved a useful servant of the Administration, he returned to the United States, and after a few years, and Mrs. Maurice welcomed any change that removed him from her neighborhood. His rare visits were festivals to his little daughter, and she revelled in the wealth of caresses, the endearing words, the prodigality of gifts that always characterized his brief sojourns. Thus were laid the foundations of an intense and absorbing devotion to her father that gradually became the dominant factor in her life.

"Nutwood"—the three-storied red brick house crowning an eminence shaded by walnut and chestnut trees—had been built in 1825 by General Maurice's father, and its pillared piazza running along three sides overlooked the city of Y—two miles distant, where the famous factory chimneys lifted their lines against the western sky. On the first and second floors of the old mansion wide halls crossed at right angles, admitting breezes from every point of the compass, and so unusually thick were the walls that the nearly square windows framed in cedar furnished comfortable lounging seats. For many years this place had been famous throughout the State for its race-horses, game chickens, fox-hounds, and fine library, and the hospitality dispensed was peculiar to an era characterized by conditions that the Civil War annihilated. No invading army had reached the city of Y—, but raiding cavalry squads once completely sacked the Maurice plantations many miles distant in the river valley, and burned not only the empty house, but the commodious family residence often occupied in autumn. Prior to her departure for Europe Mrs. Maurice had rebuilt fine and ware houses, and erected a pretty four-room cottage comfortably furnished, which, with fifty acres of adjoining land, she gave as dower to Elzab when she married the faithful overseer and manager of the "Bend Plantation."

One sultry spring morning in Elzab's ninth year, she sat with Eliza in the "out-door school-room" where lessons were studied in warm weather. It was a cool retreat—a circular, latticed summer-house—overrun by yellow wood-vine, honeysuckle, and a pink multiflora rose, all in full bloom, busy distilling perfume their satin tips offered in libation to the lazily wandering wind that caressed them. The pointed roof was rain proof, the floor tiled, and between the arched openings seats were fastened to the lattice wall. From the round table in the center lovely views of shrubbery, lily-starred lawn, far-off grain fields, green pasture lands where cattle browsed, seemed set in frames of leafage and tendrils that ran riot around the archways. A walk bordered with lilacs and azaleas led to the door of the conservatory, which flanked the long drawing-room; stretching beyond, one could see the wide front of the house, where no balustrade broke the line of white columns rising to the terraced flat roof. Elzab sat with a geography lying open before her on the table, and her head supported by arms resting on the map, but once she turned a leaf, and the wind fluttered a letter many weeks old from her father.

"Are you ready to answer the map questions?"

"No, Ma-Lila. Why must I always answer other people's questions, when nobody answers mine? I will say my lesson when you tell me what 'scallawag' and 'carpet-bagger' mean."

"They are ugly slang words, and if I were you I should try to forget I ever heard them. Little girls have nothing to do with politics, and you have not told me of whom the Graham children were speaking at the party."

"Never mind about names. I looked in the dictionary, but couldn't find 'scallawag.' I know it means something horrid and vulgar and hateful, and I never will go to another party."

Elzab's reply was drowned by the scream of "King Herod"—a lordly peacock that had earned the title from his slaughter of young turkeys and chickens in the poultry yard. Now he trailed his feathers across the walk, came up to the summer-house, and uttered his piercing cry in quick succession.

"Something is going to happen. Uncle Aaron says it is a bad sign when Herod squalls at a door."

"Something happened a while ago, when a man rode up the avenue and tied his horse. Now he is leaving the steps, and Herod knows he is a stranger. You must not listen to superstitious foolishness from negroes," said Elzab, with a line of scorn of all but her own peculiar superstition, kept closely guarded in her heart.

Elzab shut the geography, propped her chin on her palms as her elbows rested on the table, and watched the beautiful bird preen his feathers.

"Ma-Lila, how old must I be before you will tell me why grandmother hates my father so?"

"Dearly, she does not hate him, and you ought to try not to."

"Don't tell stories, Ma-Lila, because I want always to believe everything you say—and—there! Listen to grandmother's bell. Three rings; that is for you."

Elzab laid in her work basket the embroidered cambric ruffle she was hemming and, throwing her white apron over her head, went swiftly to the house.

Mrs. Maurice sat in the drawing-room, with two newspapers unfolded on her lap, but whether their contents annoyed or gratified her, the cold, quiet face gave no indication.

"Is Elzab ready to come and recite her lessons?"

"Not yet, madam."

"Put away her books; she will be excused from lessons today. Judge Kent has married again in Washington, and these papers furnish detailed accounts of the brilliant wedding reception. He has swallowed the gold bait of a widow he met in Europe. She is reputed rich, of course—a Mrs. Nina Herriott—and the bridal pair will go to England for the summer."

"Our poor baby! This news will break her heart," replied the foster-mother, whose eyes had filled with tears at thought of the child's suffering.

"Yes, she will grieve sorely, but better now than later in life. I have been pondering the best way to break the news to her."

"Let me tell her. I think I understand her disposition more thoroughly than anyone else."

"You fancy I do not comprehend my own granddaughter?"

"I beg your pardon, dear Mrs. Maurice. I mean only that I have watched all her little ways, and she feels less restraint with me than with you; but of course you must choose your own way in this matter."

"For us, this marriage is fortunate, and I rejoice at every circumstance that heightens the barrier between Judge Kent and me. He will never dare to disturb the child while I live, and brides are not importunate for the custody of step-children. Elzab, I never felt until today that Elzab is really Marcia's baby. She is a thousand times dearer to me now than ever before."

"Dear madam, I thank God for anything that will make you open your heart and take the precious child in. In many ways, she needs tenderness from you, and especially since the children's parties she has attended recently, where rude things were said about her father. She has not told me all, but you know the damaging rumors about some of his decisions while Federal Judge in our State, and the Graham children, whose interests suffered through him, speak very bitterly of his career. Elzab has asked me many questions lately, which I always evade, but she broods over this matter and is resentful."

"Poor little thing! Her father has lived on sour grapes so long, her teeth must inevitably be on edge. Henceforth she belongs to me."

"She is absolutely devoted to him, and it is distressing to know how her very heartstrings are tied around him. It amounts to idolatry."

"Yes, I realize that, and it will be a sad day for her when the glamour fades and she sees the ugly, deformed clay feet of her idol."

"It would break her heart."

"We both know sorrow does not destroy and death is dead to calls from crushed hearts. She will simply find herself chained to a galling sense of shame. These papers were brought this morning by a young man who impressed me as a thoroughbred gentleman—Mr. Noel Herriott, son of Mrs. Kent's first husband. He spoke kindly of his stepmother, and explained that, as Judge Kent had given him a card of introduction to me, and requested him to tell Elzab, for whom he brought the package, to come on the window sill. I knew the poor child would be distressed at the news, and thought it best she should have time to recover from the shock before seeing him. He continues his journey by the midnight train, and I have invited him to return and take her where Elzab can be introduced to him. Elzab, perhaps you are right; certainly you are more nearly her mother than any living being, and you will tenderly break the news to her. Carry the papers and the parcel and make her understand. After a while I wish to come out and join you."

In shaking and snoring his rainbow train King Herod had shed a long feather. Elzab picked it up, and finding a knife in the paper basket proceeded to sharpen the end into a pen, with which she purposed writing to her father. As Elzab entered and placed the papers on the table, the little girl looked up.

"Ma-Lila, you are crying! What is it? Not bad news from father, is it?"

"My baby, your father is well and has sent you a present. Come to me, darling; I want to talk to you." She drew her to her lap and held her close.

"We know, of course, your father dearly loves his daughter, but he is often very lonely, and as he cannot have you with him, what would you think if you heard he had married a lady who would be kind and good to him? Don't you?"

"I know that would be a lie—a wicked lie! Why do you say such horrible things and hurt me so?" She threw off the clasping arm and sprang to the door, stamping the ties with her right foot.

"My precious baby, I would not hurt you for a million of dollars. You know your Lila loves you better than anything else in the world. I would rather hold my hand in the fire than tell you a painful thing if it could be helped. But somebody must speak the truth to you."

She knelt down by the indignant child and kissed her hot cheek twice.

"My darling, it is true—positively true—that your father was married some days ago. Now, listen, and let me explain it all."

"Don't! I won't listen. I can't—wait—wait—"

She went to the seat along the wall and threw herself face downward, crossing her arms over her head. She lay so still that a quarter of an hour later Elzab sat down beside her, and while her hand softly stroked the brown curls, she read slowly the description of church wedding and subsequent reception.

"My darling, you love your father so well you want him to be happy, and—"

"No, not with another wife, and away from me. I would rather he was dead—for then nobody else could claim him. Two wives! It is like having two Gods."

Taking the papers, she read the marked paragraphs, and though neither sob nor tear betrayed the intensity of her sorrow, one little hand caught at her throat, where a stricture seemed to stifle her.

"You must try to bear this trouble patiently."

"I can't. I would not bear it at all, if I could help myself. Now I am an orphan! An orphan!"

"Not while I live to love you. Look at this parcel, your father's present."

"It is not mine: I have no father and no mother. I have only Ma-Lila left!"

She buried her face in Elzab's lap, and hoping a burst of tears would relieve the strain, the nurse silently caressed her, waiting for the storm to break; but save the trembling of the figure no sign was given. After a while, Elzab whispered:

"Grandmother is coming down the walk."

Elzab started up as if electrified, and lifted the box from the floor, holding it against her breast. Leaning on her cane, Mrs. Maurice came to the table, sat down, and opened her arms.

"My dear child, come here."

Not an inch stirred Elzab, and Elzab gently forced her forward within reach of the extended arms. Mrs. Maurice leaned down to kiss her, but she turned her head away.

"My poor girl, don't you know I love you."

"Oh, no, grandma; you never did love me, and you never will."

"But I do, dear child. Kiss me."

"I don't want to kiss you any more than you want to kiss me. I understand exactly how you feel. You are sorry for me because you think father has treated me badly in getting married. But, grandmother, you need not pity me now, for I must make you understand that my father always is right. No matter what he may do, he has good reasons, and if I am satisfied nobody else can complain. I shall always know father is right."

The dry, white face was lifted proudly, and the challenging eyes met her grandmother's steadily, but the childish lips trembled and the hand clutched spasmodically at her throat.

A gush of genuine tenderness warmed the old lady's heart as she took the quivering fingers, spread them on her own palm, and touched the girl's forehead with her lips.

"Loyal and true! that is the Maurice motto—'Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him!' To-day we will have no lessons, and this evening Elzab shall dress you especially to meet the gentleman, Mr. Herriott, whom your father wishes you to know. Elzab, see that she has a bath and put some orange flower water in her glass of lemonade."

In after years Noel Herriott often recalled that afternoon spent at Nutwood. The inimitable courtesy of the handsome stately hostess, the sweet countenance of the widowed foster-mother—whose anxious, tender gaze rarely left the white-clad child—the grave negro butler, wearing linen apron that matched his gray head, and the spacious old cedar-paneled dining-room where, on bare, polished mahogany table, the light of wax candles was reflected in silver dishes and candelabra, and glittered from heavy, antique-shaped, cut-glass bowls, while golden honey-comb and ripe strawberries mixed their fragrance with the breath of crimson carnations heaped in a Severn china centerpiece that once graced banquets at Trilano. Most vivid of all impressions, he retained the imperishable image of a beautiful girl, with singularly white cheeks and lustrous, shy eyes, glowing unnaturally from her fierce struggle for composure—a proud, sensitive face whose exquisite lines suggested rare old cameos behind cabinet glass.

Though the guest was a very young man, his quiet manner and perfect ease indicated thorough acquaintance with the most refined society, and despite her sectional prejudice Mrs. Maurice yielded to the charm of an unusually handsome personality and a conversation marked by no trace of egotism. The crocus light of afterglow still tinged the west, where the sickle of a new moon swung, when the visitor rose to depart.

"When I come back from New Mexico and Arizona, shall I bring you a Zuni pickaninny or a Moqui pony?"

She shook her head.

"Since your father has stolen my stepmother, do you not think you might persuade yourself to accept me as a sort of half cousin or hemi-demi-stepbrother, or any kind of a relative you may choose? I am quite alone in the world, and you are just the person I should like to claim as my *hermanita*. May I?"

"Thank you sir, I would rather not. I want only my father."

He bowed, and lifting her dainty little hand brushed it with his mustache.

"Mrs. Maurice, in saying good by, I must thank you cordially for the privilege of spending several hours in your lovely home, which illustrates all I have read of charming Southern life, and realizes completely my ideal picture of what your sunny land must have been in former years."

"Good by, Mr. Herriott. I wish you a pleasant journey. Nutwood is a mere shadow of old and happier days. Ichabod is printed all over the ruined South, and we live only to guard our graves."

CHAPTER III.

WHERE ETERNAL PEACE SET ITS BLESSED SEAL.

The quiet, systematic routine of life at Nutwood was by no means cloistered in its seclusion, and though the term "house-party" had not yet taken root south of the Potomac, guests from various parts of the State frequently spent a week with Mrs. Maurice, and were entertained at dinners, luncheons, and teas with the lavish hospitality traditional in the family. Accustomed early to meeting strangers, Elzab was neither bashful nor awkward, but she understood fully that her father was unpopular in the social world for it he had deeply resented an antipathy which though never discussed in her presence, she felt it impossible to forgive or remove. The explanatory assistance of Minerva, daughter of the cook, had enabled her to comprehend all the unpleasant significance of "scallawag" and "carpet-bagger," and with the fervor of indignant loyalty she promptly espoused whatever cause her father was urged to represent. Her heart and her eyes deeply expected attacks, felt eager to retaliate, and consequently was often stung by the young people of her circle with whom she was no favorite. For many months after Judge Kent's second marriage, Mrs. Maurice yielded to a new and yearning tenderness toward her grandchild, whom she heartily pitied, but the overtures came too late; the plastic season had passed, the angles had stiffened, the childish heart had hardened hopelessly, and caresses that formerly might have won her love were received in cold, irresponsible passiveness.

Once she had gone under Elzab's care to spend Christmas in Washington, and though the pretty, gay, good-natured stepmother laid siege to the girl's heart and fondled and pampered her, Mrs. Kent knew from the defiant gleam in her watchful, jealous eyes that the daughter would never tolerate a usurper who sat on her own mother's throne and divided her father's affections.

During the following year, Mrs. Maurice was prostrated by an attack of pneumonia that resulted in heart weakness, from which she never fully rallied. The reins of household government slipped easily into Elzab's hands, and that reluctant, faithful young woman proved worthy of the confidence so long reposed in her by her benefactress.

The last link in the chain of daily duties to which the invalid clung was her habit of listening to Elzab's recitations from text-books, but the hour came when she reluctantly laid down the self-imposed task.

"My dear, in future say your lessons to Elzab. I find I am not strong enough to be patient, and my perfect patience no one should attempt to teach. Go now and practice your piano exercises; it will not disturb me in the least."

She took into her own cold, beautifully shaped hand Elzab's slender, warm fingers, looked at them critically, and smiled as she drew them tenderly across her cheek.

"Kiss me, little one. Try always to obey Elzab, for she will never fail you when you need comfort, and in all this world nobody loves you as she does. Send her to me."

When the nurse came in and seated herself, darning gourd in hand, Mrs. Maurice was glancing over a blank book used for memoranda.

"Elzab, here are some instructions you must follow faithfully when I am gone. I have written them carefully, so that you cannot misinterpret or misunderstand anything. I leave nothing to your discretion, not because your judgment is defective, but simply for the reason that I desire my wishes executed exactly. It is an absolute condition of my will that you should have the personal care of Elzab until she marries. If she should be sent to a new-fangled college (one of her father's Yankee fads), you will board in sight of her when she travels, you go with her. Nothing but her death, or marriage, shall separate you, and with this provision I can safely leave her. Egbert and Marcia will understand I have done what was possible for the poor baby. Proud little thing! she will be tortured indeed if ever the time comes when she feels ashamed of her father—and wily though he is, her eyes are keen. She is all Kent in appearance, except her hands and feet; they are dainty, beautiful, patrician, genuinely Maurice like my Marcia's."

She laid the book on Elzab's lap, motioned her away, and, turning her head aside, closed her eyes.

With the ebbing of summer tide her pulse waned slowly but steadily, like a star going down to the gates of the west. Leaning heavily on her husband's cane, followed by the aged pointer, the tall, wasted figure went to and fro through the old house, as one having packed and waiting for departure looks to see if aught has been forgotten; and over the pallid face with its cloud of black hair an agonizing smile should reflect her treasure in the long-sleeping beyond. It was an August night when the signal came, and swiftly and gently she passed the bar. Elzab was aroused from a sound sleep by Elzab, who shook her.

"Ma-Lila, I am so frightened! I heard grandmother call out 'Egbert!' 'Marcia!' Something had already waked me suddenly."

"Oh, dearie, you were only dreaming."

She sprang up and lighted a candle, but the girl clung to her.

"No, it was not a dream. I heard it clear and loud like a quick cry. I was so scared I waited a while, and then I went to her room—but she is not there! I could see the bed was empty, because Dinah had left the night lamp burning in the passage. What can it mean?"

"Grandmother is often restless, and goes out on the colonnade, where the fresh air relieves her oppressed breathing. No doubt she is there now. Baby, do not tremble so."

Clutching Elzab's nightgown, Elzab followed her to the sick room, which was unoccupied, and waking Dinah, who slept on a cot in the hall, they searched the entire length of the piazza, the foster-mother shielding the light with her hand. Turning to reenter the house, they were startled by the howl of a dog, answered instantly by a scream from Herod, roosting on one of the arched chimney tops.

"She must be in the general's room, and old Hector is there also."

Swiftly they crossed the halls, and found a light shining through the partly open door of the memorial chamber. A candle burned low under the portrait over the mantel, and Hector, with his head thrown back against his mistress's knee, howled feebly. She sat in her husband's easy chair, her head pillowed on his dressing gown, where a fresh Cape jasmine gleamed, and over her lap flowed the yellowed lace of Marcia's christening robe, half hiding the baby shoes of white kid. She had laid one hand on the Confederate uniform folded on the couch beside her chair, and about the long, white fingers of the other were wrapped strands of vivid red coral—the necklace and bracelets of her only child. Stern lines and shadows of sorrow had faded forever from the frozen face, where eternal peace set its blessed seal, and in the wide eyes fixed on her husband's portrait was the rapt expression that comes only with the lifting of the veil as the soul drifts through its windows of flesh. The icy shiver that runs across the world when day dawns grew into a wild gust from the west, extinguishing the burning candle flame and blowing the lace curtains out eastward like white sails bearing away the happy spirit to crystal seas. At the edge of the sky, where the morning star burned, a thread of orange glowed in the soft pearl gray of the new day, and only the crowing of the game cocks from their cedar thicket broke the silence that death consecrates.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of **Etiquette and Personal Appearance**, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to **Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.—It is proper to thank anyone for any courtesy extended, but when you go out with a young man to a celebration where there are all sorts of amusements, don't have to thank him every time you eat ice cream or ride the merry-go-round. It is enough to laugh and enjoy everything and let him see you do, and then when it is all over tell him what a good time he has given you, unless he is very serious. Letters once in two weeks can't do much harm. (2) First cousins can't be sweethearts, for in most states they can't marry. (3) The young man may escort the girl when she goes shopping if she wants him around when she is making her purchases.

Country Girl, Keown, Pa.—The proper thing to have done would have been for the young man to have asked the girls to join them in the game when they began. When the men went off to themselves to play, the girls had a right to do as they pleased.

Brown Eyes, Herndon, Va.—If the sixteen-year-old girl is out of school and her parents do not object she can "have company once a week." He should leave at ten o'clock unless the case is very serious. Letters once in two weeks can't do much harm. (2) First cousins can't be sweethearts, for in most states they can't marry. (3) The young man may escort the girl when she goes shopping if she wants him around when she is making her purchases.

Greenhorn, Columbus, O.—The minister usually offers his congratulations first to the newly wedded pair, then the parents or nearest relatives and so on. We believe ordinarily the groom need not send a written invitation to his parents, though it would not be bad form to do so.

Brown Eyes, Waldoboro, Me.—There is no especial significance in a man squeezing a girl's hand. (2) Of age varies in the states, but as a rule a girl is not of age until she is twenty-one. (3) Nine to half past is not too late to ask the young man to come in who has taken you driving.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kans.—You may ask your beau to take you to places you want to go, but don't impose upon him. Let him do most of the asking. It is all right to tell him why, when you don't go to some place because you have no one to take you. It is quite proper to ask the caller to sit out on the lawn instead of in the house of pleasant evenings. They can sit out as late as ten, or later, if the people in the house are still up. It is not obligatory, but it is better for parents to meet their daughter's visitors. Just a brief talk is sufficient to his caller who doesn't like to see the girl's parents is not the right kind. Go with him to the front steps, and as far as the gate if you like him real well, and it is not late.

Nellie, Anacosta, Va.—Your letter shows that you are in greater need of knowledge of school-books than of beaux. Study awhile and ask us again.

Honey-dew and Sweetest, Agra, Okla.—He is flirting with both of you, and you should organize a combine, or Heart Trust, and put him out of business.

P. W. B., Winona, Miss.—Probably the one going away should write first, as the one at home is not supposed to know the exact date of arrival, what the proper address is and other particulars. As a rule the man should always write the first letter, but rules have exceptions.

Subscriber, Allentown, Pa.—Your father is right enough in saying that if you are to study music you must give up the beaux. Still he might make a concession to the favored one. If he will not, then the favored one will prove that he is the right sort by waiting for you if you want him to wait. If he is selfish enough to want you to lose your music and the advantages that it promises, we think you will do well to let the other girls have him.

Hazel Eyes, Parsonsburg, Md.—"Messrs." should not be prefixed to the name of a Society.

Ignoramus, Hollywood, Ky.—A present other than flowers at commencement time from a young man to a sweet girl graduate is inappropriate. Certainly you ought to know what to say to her in the accompanying note. What do you think she would think of you if she knew you were asking somebody else what to say to her at such a tender moment? And you a Kentuckian!

Blue Eyes, Lynden, Wash.—Don't marry the wealthy man you love the poor man. Don't marry the poor man if he is the kind that will always stay poor. Better be an old maid.

Babe, Colchabar, N. D.—You can get at any drug store cosmetics for tan that are better and cheaper than you can make, but none of them is so good for the skin as to wait a little while and have the tan go away of itself. Tan is a good sign and Summer girls like to have it. (2) In this free country of woman's rights women are not often found working in the fields, but we suppose if your father is too poor to hire a man and he needs you to help him do his field work, you should do so. But don't keep it up year after year. You can do your full share of work in the house. Most women do even more than their share.

Blue Bell, Lisbon, N. D.—We suppose, if you are in deep mourning, you might wear all black at a wedding. Usually women in mourning don't go to weddings, unless they are very quiet home affairs. (2) Members of a choir, women members, wear their hats. The choir may choose its own way of coming in. Ordinarily the members come in as they please.

Violet, Seligman, Ariz.—We suppose you might sit on the knee of your fiancee in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do when they are not around, so what's the harm? Engaged couples exercise a considerable latitude, and it is permissible.

Long Leg, Milwaukee, Wis.—Inasmuch as a kiss passed between you and the young man it makes no difference which did the kissing. Rules of etiquette don't apply. To kiss him on the cheek was quite proper. But don't do it any more till you are really and truly engaged. Men are mighty unreliable about some things.

Irene, Noble, Ill.—You will outgrow your blushing, but don't quite ever forget how. A blush is very pretty and always a good sign. Don't let your sister's bean kiss you. One in the family ought to be enough for him.

A. D., Charleston, Wash.—Fifteen is five years too young to be engaged. Obey your parents and wait. If the young man really wants you he will wait for you.

Three Stars Locust, Decorah, Ia.—The man

may say he is pleased to meet the lady when he is introduced, but it is better to say something which may be suggested by the circumstances. Rules of what to say are hard to follow, and usually are stiff and of no meaning. (2) If the lady does not object the man may take her arm.

Sewing Circle, Dennis, W. Va.—Don't have anything at all to do with a man like that. He's flirting with you, and lying besides. (2) Kisses signed in a letter are not as dangerous as those delivered in person. (3) Yes, the man ought to start right with the girl he goes with. Snub him if he does not.

Sunshine, Eaton, Ill.—If you and your beau are leaving your house about lunch time it is proper to eat before starting, unless he invites you to take lunch with him. Use your own taste about what to serve, and have it simple. (2) You may ask the young man to go walking on Sunday afternoon when he calls.

Sweet Sixteen, Brunswick, Neb.—Keep your engagement with the man you first made it with, unless there is good reason for breaking it.

Ethel Haines, New Creek, W. Va., asks that "Orphan Girl," who inquired in this column for a silk patchwork quilt write to her as she has one.

Blue Eyes, Mt. Carmel, Ill.—We don't answer any more questions about postage stamp significance on letters. There is only one place to put a stamp and one way, and that is, in the right hand upper corner of the envelope, right side up.

L. W., Carrothers, O.—We are not an authority on the various cosmetics you mention. Generally speaking the cosmetics offered for sale, while they may not do all that is claimed for them, are at least not prepared to do harm if properly used.

Emerald, Westville, Fla.—It is quite proper when you are walking and meet a man you know to stop and talk with him, if you want to. (2) If you are engaged to the young man you may go to see him when he is sick. Otherwise it is enough to merely inquire about him, or send him something to cheer him.

O'eander, Caryville, Fla.—Don't let him stay later than 10.30. (2) You may accept small gifts, candy, flowers, books, from men to whom you are not engaged. (3) If the slight were very pronounced you may resent it by being very formal with the man hereafter. But don't make too much show of your feeling.

Gray-eyed Rose, Dalton, Mo.—It is not only improper, but dangerous, for a girl to write to an unknown man whose name she has found in a newspaper. How do you know that he isn't a convict, or a married man? (2) It is very polite of your escort to tell you when your dress has come under the hood. Why shouldn't he do so? Isn't it much better than to let you go around looking goodness-knows-how? Yet most young men haven't gumption enough to correct an accident of that kind. (3) The lady speaks first, unless they are well known to each other, and friends, then it makes no difference who speaks first. The object of the rule is to protect the lady against men she doesn't wish to recognize.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

to me now, and I shall take care of the life you have nearly destroyed in your inordinate ambition. Come, the fresh air will revive you." The good moment under the honeysuckle arch over the parsonage gate, where the carriage was waiting to take them to Le Bocage, and Mr. Murray asked:

"Are you strong enough to go to the church?"

"Yes, sir; the pain has all passed away. I am perfectly well again."

They crossed the street, and he took her in his arms and carried her up the steps, and into the grand, solemn church, where the soft, holy, violet light from the richly tinted glass streamed over gilded organ-pipes and sculptured columns.

Neither Edna nor St. Elmo spoke as they walked down the aisle; and in perfect silence both knelt before the shining altar, and only God heard their prayers of gratitude.

After some moments Mr. Murray put out his hand, took Edna's, and holding it in his on the balustrade, he prayed aloud, asking God's blessing on their marriage, and fervently dedicating all their future to His work.

The hectic flush of the dying day was reflected on the window high above the altar, and, burning through the red mantle of the Christ, fell down upon the marble shrine like sacred, sacrificial fire.

Edna felt as if her heart could not hold all its measureless joy. A delightful, delightful dream to see Mr. Murray kneeling at her side; to hear his voice earnestly consecrating their lives to the service of Jesus Christ.

She knew from the tremor in his tone, and the tears in his eyes, that his dedication was complete; and now to be his companion through all the remaining years of their earthly pilgrimage, to be allowed to help him and love him, to walk heavenward with her hand in his; this was the crowning glory and richest blessing of her life.

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM and COMFORT 16 Months Only 65c.

The publisher of COMFORT, always zealous of the readers' wishes and desires, is pleased to now announce the purchase of another tremendous issue of the wonderful story "St. Elmo" in a complete edition with illustrated cover of stiff boards with buckram and linen finish a high cost book that we could only procure from the publishers by having made it possible for you to enjoy, by giving you the opportunity to get a bound copy of the sweetest story ever told, with a year's subscription to the greatest home monthly magazine for but 65 cents, and we will be disappointed if you do not write us endorsing an order for the above combination, right now before the five thousand copies are sold, and recall that but 4999 others of the probable million readers of COMFORT must send their order when the book is sold out, and then you will have but one chance of getting your copy of "St. Elmo."

We make it urgently imperative to you that you should do this immediately, as there are no further copies available at this ridiculous rate, and you may as well take advantage of COMFORT, and get a copy while you may. To the many thousands of COMFORT subscribers who have lately sent in their renewal or subscription to this magazine for a year and will thus receive the paper for the next year anyway, we suggest that you HAVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXTENDED for an additional year by ordering this great book now, before the offer is withdrawn, for really EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO "COMFORT" should own at least one copy of "St. Elmo."

In no case can we offer this book of "St. Elmo" alone; it is only by your sending in 65 cents for your renewal or extension of your subscription that we can furnish them at this rate which makes the book stand you 50 cents, but they cannot be sold by us for 50 cents each. You can get a new subscriber and send 65 cents for the book and subscription. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Our Best Offer. For a club of 7 subscribers, to date from now until Dec., 1908, at 15 cents each, amounting to \$1.05, we will send you free of any cost, a complete copy of ST. ELMO, as above described.

When this prayer ended, she laid her head down on the altar-railing, and sobbed like a child.

In the orange glow of a wintry sunset they came out and sat down on the steps, while a pair of spotless white pigeons perched on the blood-stain; and Mr. Murray put his arm around Edna, and drew her face to his bosom.

"Darling, do you remember that once, in the dark days of my reckless sinfulness, I asked you one night, in the library at Le Bocage, if you had no faith in me? And you repeated so vehemently, 'None, Mr. Murray!'"

"Oh, sir! do not think of it. Why recur to what is so painful and so long past? Forgive those words and forget them! Never was more implicit faith, more devoted affection, given to any human being than I give now to you, Mr. Murray; you, who are my first and my last and my only love."

She felt his arm tighten around her waist, as he bowed his face to hers.

"Forgive? Ah, my darling! do you recollect also that I told you then that the pardon I should come when your dear lips would ask pardon for what they uttered that night, and that when that hour arrived I would take my revenge? My wife! my pure, noble, beautiful wife! give me my revenge, for I cry with the long-banished Roman:

"Oh! a kiss—long as my exile, Sweet as my revenge!"

He put his hand under her chin, drew the lips to his, and kissed them repeatedly.

Down among the graves, in the brown grass and withered leaves, behind a tall shaft, around which coiled a carved marble serpent with hooded head—there, amid the dead, crouched a woman's figure, with a stony face, and eyes that glared with murderous hate at the sweet countenance of the happy bride. When St. Elmo tenderly kissed the pure lips of his wife, Agnes Powell smothered a savage cry, and Nemesis was satisfied as a wretched woman fell forward on the grass, sweeping a yellow hair over her eyes, to shut out the vision that maddened her.

Then and there, for the first time, as she sat enfolded by her husband's arm, Edna felt that she could thank him for the monument erected over her grandfather's grave.

The light faded slowly in the west, the pigeons ceased their fluttering about the belfry, and as he turned to quit the church, so dear to both Mr. Murray stretched his hand toward the ivy-clad vault, and said solemnly:

"I throw all mournful years behind me; and, by the grace of God, our new lives, commencing this hallowed day, shall make noble amends for the wasted past. Loving each other, aiding each other, serving Christ, through whose atonement alone I have been saved from eternal ruin. To Thy merciful guidance, O Father! we commit our future."

Edna looked reverently up at his beaming countenance, whence the shadows of hate and scorn had long since passed; and, as his splendid eyes came back to hers, reading in her beautiful, pure face all her love and confidence and happy hope, he drew her closer to his bosom, and laid his dark cheek on hers, saying fondly and proudly:

"My wife, my life. Oh! we will walk this world, Yoked in all exercise of noble end, And so through those dark gates across the wild That no man knows. My hopes and thine are one. Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself, Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

(THE END.)

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM

Now that this famous story of "ST. ELMO" is brought to a close in COMFORT, many will want to have it in the house in book form to pick up and read in order to refresh their memory. We only have a few copies left of the few thousand we secured to give away as premiums. It is a beautiful 364-page, 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive half-tone cover portrait of both St. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition worthy of any home.

For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you a copy of this beautiful book at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

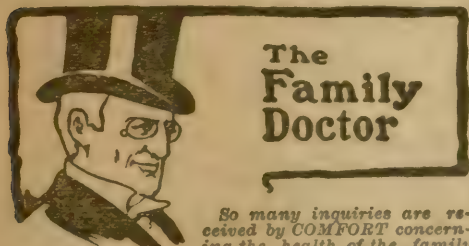
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Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

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ABOVE SHOWS THE COVER DESIGN OF "ST. ELMO."



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

M. G. B., Edgerton, Wis.—All of Colorado is high and dry, altitude varying from three thousand to fifteen thousand feet, about, and any part of it is good for catarrh. Denver is about 5,200 feet up and the air is high and dry there, but it is a large city and city air is never so good as country air. But Denver would be a vast improvement over your present location if you have much catarrh where you are.

M. J. B., Falls Village, Conn.—Your physician is right, notwithstanding you think you know more than he does about polypos and other growths of that nature. The knife is the only thorough cure.

M. K., Hayward, Wis.—Before making any effort to find a hospital where you may learn to become a trained nurse, have a talk with a physician as to the duties and demands of such a position and get his advice on your natural qualifications. It is most difficult work and requires especial natural abilities in more than one direction. If you have no physician near you, write to one you know. A great many young women think they would like to be trained nurses, but only the fewest number are fitted for it. There are many trained nurses who ought to be doing something else.

W. T. and M. T., Opelika, Ala.—Yours are not cases to be treated through the mails, or in any way except by the close attention of a physician. If your physicians can not help you, we certainly cannot.

W. J. M., Lancaster, S. C.—Better consult a barber. We know of no whisker grower that is reliable. We can say, however, that if the scar is a very large one you will hardly be able to grow whiskers sufficient to cover it, and the hair will never grow out of the scar itself. Barbers are the best authorities on whiskers.

Mother, Frostburg, Md.—Have you consulted a physician about the case of the little girl? If not do so. It is a simple weakness that she will outgrow, but just at present your care is required and you must follow the instructions of a physician. (2) Use lunar caustic on the warts. You can get a stick at any drugstore. Ask the druggist how to use it, and be sure not to get it on the skin about the wart. A few applications will remove them, if they are of the ordinary type.

S. W. S., Harveyville, Kans.—Don't try to remove the birthmarks. They are part of you and it is dangerous to tamper with them. Some specialists claim to be able to remove them, but they are very expensive and not always successful.

P. E. F., Clarksburg, W. Va.—Much depends upon what causes the cough. When a cough persists for four months it is something more than a "cold," and if your physicians cannot cure it, you should at once seek a different climate. The best climatic conditions are to be found in the cold dry air of Colorado or the hot dry air of Arizona and New Mexico.

J. C. W., La Junta, Col.—We know nothing of your habits or what might cause the red veins in your skin. At a venture we may suggest that you eat very simple food, drink no alcoholic drinks, tea or coffee, and gently massage the skin night and morning, rubbing the veins so as to assist the circulation, that is toward the heart in which direction the venous blood moves.

Mrs. F. H. H., South Bend, Ind.—In view of the fact that the doctors, the sanitarians and the rheumatism medicine all seem to be unable to relieve you we suggest that you try Christian Science treatment. That may sound irregular and not orthodox, and the doctors and some others may laugh, but Christian Science has effected some remarkable cures and it may be just what you need. We are inclined to believe that it will do you good. At the same time we are not professors of that faith, and do not believe in all of its teachings. Part of your trouble is a species of hysterical nerves, you know—and C. S. works admirably in many nervous troubles with women. At least, give it a trial. If you have no C. S. people in your town, try the osteopaths, who also effect cures where regular physicians fail. We belong to no school and believe most in that which does the most good to the patient.

J. L. C., Winamac, Ind.—It is pretty hard to guess, from this distance, what ails the baby, but our guess is that he is getting too much medicine. His stomach undoubtedly does not act as it should, but we do not believe the medicine is helping him much. Suppose you stop the medicine and give him injections of warm water to move his bowels. You will have to do this under a physician's direction. Possibly you have already tried it. As he grows older and stronger, he will undoubtedly improve in condition, but you will always have to watch his diet.

Nuisance, Parsonsburg, Md.—The "growing" you complain of is due to gas in the stomach and it is difficult to cure it. It is caused by poor digestion and may be relieved somewhat by careful dieting. About as good a remedy as we know of is to take before each meal, a half-teaspoonful of cooking soda in two thirds of a glass of hot water, though cold will answer. This also, in smaller quantity, may be taken when the growing begins. It is an alkali which will instantly neutralize the acid in the stomach. Half a teaspoonful of essence of peppermint in wineglass of water may also be taken at times to drive off the gas. These are harmless remedies and you may take them whenever you feel like it. Have you ever consulted a physician about it? A too tight corset impairs the indigestion and aggravates the trouble.

H. D., Gridley, Kans.—Stop taking medicine to build up your system and get your mind off of yourself. Associate with clean-minded people, find some good and cheerful girl for a sweet heart, marry her, and before you are five years older you will be as fit as a fiddle. There is nothing the matter with you that a little exercise will not cure.

L. B., Webster, S. D.—The massage cup is not in our line. Doesn't it have directions how to use? We suppose massage cream should be used with it as in the other forms of massage. You must not expect too much from such applications. Sometimes they work wonders, but not always.

Sapphire, Atlanta, Ga.—Stuttering, or stammering, is a nervous disease and it is difficult to effect a radical cure, as it will almost invariably return in moments of excitement, or when weakened from illness, or other causes. Many remedies, in fact almost as many as there are stutters, have been tried, and about the only sure rule is to work out your own cure on lines of autosuggestion, so to say. The schools for stammerers frequently produce excellent results, and we advise that you attend one if you are able to do so. They may not tell you anything

new, but they will compel you to talk as you will not force yourself to do, without assistance. Carelessness has much to do with it.

Want-to-know, Scott City, Kans.—The hypnotist has no power over you which opposes his own. Opposition kills hypnosis as far as the opposer is concerned. If the man at a distance hypnotizes you and gives you headaches it is because you are weak enough to yield to the influence. If you will not make the proper effort to resist you may expect to be influenced until you do.

L. L., Baltimore, Md.—Strichnia acts differently upon different systems. As doctors fail to do anything in this case, we call your attention to what we have said above to Mrs. F. H. H., South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. L. E., Piedmont, S. C.—Gout is practically incurable and can only be properly treated by a physician in attendance. Possibly some reader of COMFORT may give a recipe which is of household use, and will afford some relief.

L. S., Fredericktown, O.—The eyes are too delicate to be treated by our facilities. You should see an oculist if possible. If not able to pay one, you might go to your nearest city and apply at one of the free hospitals where the treatment of the eyes is very often under direct supervision of the most skilled experts. Can any COMFORT reader who knows of blind persons doing work that earns them money give any information on this patient?

S. Y., Ashburn, Mo.—In our opinion you are suffering from indigestion which has become chronic. If you will at once make an entire change of diet, eating only the simplest food, eggs, rice, brown bread, lean meat and not much of it, no potatoes, and only such other vegetables as digest very easily, no pastry, drink no coffee, and plenty of water between meals, none at meals, and before each meal take half a teaspoonful of cooking soda in glass of hot water, you will soon begin to experience relief. There may be some trouble which does not appear from the symptoms you give, but from all we know you are suffering chiefly from bad digestion. Read up on physical culture and take the exercise it prescribes, including deep breathing every morning when you get up, standing before an open window.

L. L., Lone Tree, Iowa.—Don't sleep on your arm and you will not shut off the circulation and give it that dead feeling. Change your diet. Quit pork and potatoes, try eggs, beef, rice, other vegetables and milk, taken only in small mouthfuls and never by the gulp. Always stop eating before your appetite is quite satisfied. This sort of diet will improve your digestion and you will not feel so sleepy after meals. There is really nothing the matter with you and proper food will put you all right. Your regular diet of potatoes, pork, bread and water would kill a horse.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted, and all questions herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice which is given on matters pertaining to domestic inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, please send a stamped envelope (15 cents, in either or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this department, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. E. B.—We do not think that you have a very good case against the parties who sold you the land, we think your acceptance of the deed would operate as a waiver of any verbal misrepresentation which they may have made in the manner you describe, and that your inability to produce any testimony of disinterested witnesses would also be very much to your disadvantage.

Mrs. E. V. McC.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that an illegitimate child has no right of inheritance from its father's estate, except in cases where its parents have been acknowledged after its birth and the father has acknowledged the child, in which event the child is legitimized. It would have no interest in the life insurance unless it was mentioned by name as a beneficiary in the policy.

Mrs. F. W.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, unless cut off by will, the husband of your aunt would receive the whole of her personal property your aunt's estate is entitled to receive from the estate of your uncle; perhaps the whole of the personal estate may be used up as expenses of administration, in which event there would be nothing for him to receive.

Mrs. A. B. Catich.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, (1) that your marriage was a legal and valid one; (2) that upon your husband's death having no will you would receive one half of both his personal and real estate and the other half would go to your children in equal shares; (3) that a general guardian of your children would be appointed upon proper application to the Court, and that you would be the natural person to be appointed, unless it was proved to the Court's satisfaction that you were an improper person to receive such an appointment; but in case any attempt was made to do this you would be entitled to receive full notice and you would have an opportunity to present your case before the Court. (4) We do not think that under the laws of your State you can, without the written consent of your husband, dispose of by your will more than one half of your property, and the other half would go to your children in equal shares without a will.

Mrs. M. J. W.—We do not think that you, or whoever is the legal representative of your husband's estate, can dispose of a greater interest in the patent you mention than he owned at the time of his death, and that the other persons interested in the patent must be taken in consideration in making a sale of the patent right. We think you would be wise to make some move to either sell or use in some way the patent right you mention, as otherwise it will expire before it will be of any value to you. (2) We do not think you can establish a claim for damage against the Government on the state of facts you submit to us.

J. H. M. M.—We cannot understand your letter. If you will submit your question again, having someone else do the writing for you, we will answer the same.

G. K. K.—Such an appointment as you desire is part of the patronage of the Governor of your State. You should apply to him or his Secretary, setting forth your qualifications; possibly he might appoint you. You could make your application by letter or through someone with whom he is personally acquainted.

L. L.—We do not think, if the statements you submit are correct, that your cousin's estate could recover anything in an action for damages against the Railroad Company for his death. The fact that he started to cross the tracks after hearing the train approaching, and after being warned by the whistle, was negligence on his part and, we think, would defeat an action for damages. We do not undertake to return papers you send us. Anything you care to submit you should make careful and accurate copies of, and send us the copies only.

M. M.—We are of the opinion that County or Municipal Government have power to condemn land for roads and streets in such manner and over such lands as they deem most advisable for the public welfare, exercising, of

course, proper judgment in regard to the expense and necessity for such road or street.

A. W.—We are of the opinion, that the laws of the State you mention do not recognize such a relationship as you describe for the purpose of inheritance. If the will you mention was set aside, the persons you mention would not be entitled to any share of the estate.

Mrs. R. A. S.—We are of the opinion that, if a deed to the land you mention was accepted by the purchaser without objection and the description in the deed of conveyance described the property giving distances and describing meets and bounds, both parties would be bound by the deed, unless the discrepancy was so great and the circumstances pointed to a fraud being committed in which event the sale might be set aside. (2) We think you could convey your farm, reserving in the deed such right or rights as you and the purchaser may agree upon provided, of course, such reservation is properly set up in the deed. In the event of such a sale you should pay taxes upon such a proportion of the property as the part you reserve bears to the entire property.

J. B. T.—Upon your statements to us, we think you have a good cause of action against the company you mention, the disadvantage you are under being, however, the distance you reside from their place of transacting business; we think you should send your claim to some reliable collection agency or lawyer who is located in their vicinity.

Mrs. S. B.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that, if your husband at the time of his death left no will, you would be entitled to dower in his real estate consisting of the income of one third of the real estate for the time of your natural life. If you took a lump sum in lieu of dower, such amount should be fixed by a series of computation taken from the Life Insurance tables giving the probable length of time you will still live, and then figure what one third of the income of the property would be worth for the estimated number of years you have still to live; such computation could be made by the Court in case you desire to make such an arrangement.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

had not heard aright. "Did you say for me, Mr. Hill?"

"Certainly I did. Anything so very strange about that?"

"Why, I never got a letter in my life."

"Well, it's for you sure, for it's addressed to Master Jeremiah Blue, in care of Joseph Parkhurst, Esquire."

"Yes, it must be for me. Where is it from?"

"You'll find that out when you read it. There's two shillings to be paid, and four shillings for the squire's two letters besides."

"Here's the squire's money, Mr. Hill. And here is a dollar to take out what I owe you."

"Hullo, you're rich, Jerry. Did the squire give you the dollar?"

"No, I got that from Mr. Davenport."

"He must have more than he wants, to give you a dollar."

"I'm going to get more from him some day," was the mysterious reply. "But hand over my letter. I am anxious to see what it has got to say."

The letters were produced and settled for, and Jerry thrust those belonging to Joseph Parkhurst into his breast pocket. Then he gazed keenly at the epistle directed to himself.

It was post-marked New York, and had been sent from the city nearly ten days before. Tearing it open, he read as follows:

"MASTER JEREMIAH BLUE, My Dear Young Friend: You will perhaps be surprised to hear from me so speedily, but the fact of the matter is, I feel under heavy obligations to you for the service done me, and I have lost no time in taking up the matter of your parentage, with a view to solving the mystery, if possible."

"I have found out several things of great importance and I think the mystery can be solved, if you will come at once to New York and bring with you the blue overcoat that was wrapped around you at the time you were left at the poorhouse, and also the slip of paper that was pinned to the overcoat."

"I am willing to pay all the expenses of your trip to this city and I hereby authorize you to call on my friend Major Davenport of your settlement for a loan of fifty dollars, which I will repay as soon as I can safely send the money. You can show him this letter as your authority for calling for the loan."

"Do not delay in the matter, as every day is of importance. A certain person I wish you to meet wants to sail for England inside of the next month."

"Your obedient servant and well wisher, HENRY MAXWELL."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents for 16 months. Read the next chapter, "A Trip to New York," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

Wanted to Buy Farm

FARMERS REAL ESTATE LOAN CO., Unity Bldg., Chicago.

\$25 PER WEEK and traveling expenses paid salesman to sell goods to grocery dealers; experience unnecessary. PURITY C. R. CO., Chicago.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE Send Two Cent Birth Date. PROP. RAMESES, Dept. A, Stratford, Conn.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, and it will save you anxiety and expense and ease.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Kitty's Bath Picture FREE.



This magnificent, litho. gold-leaf framed picture in colors, showing two wee tots just ready to give innocent little pussy a scrub, absolutely free with every three months' trial subscription to The Mother's Magazine at 10 cents. The Mother's Magazine is the handsomest large illustrated home and family magazine published—artistically illustrated, colored covers, and 48 pages of reading every month. The picture is 18x20 inches in size, is finished with a magnificent litho. facsimile gold and scroll frame, and is reproduced in many beautiful colors. It will add much to any parlor or sitting room. Children just love it. Ready for the wall when received. Send 10 cents to-day (stamps or silver) for the magazine for three months, and ask for picture number 187. Both will be sent you at once. Money back if you are not delighted.

Address, THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, Elgin, Illinois.

\$41 PER WEEK and expenses, to man with rig, to introduce our Poultry Goods. EMERALD MANUFACTURING CO., Department 8, KANSAS CITY, MO.

AGENTS CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Profits. Expr. Pd. Terms free. Herbene Agency Co., Box 254, Station L, New York.

MEN WANTED everywhere to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. National Distributing Bureau, 214 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Uncle Charlie's Poems—Sure cure for the blues, Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 65c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 5c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalogs Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 190-31 W. Adams St., Chicago.

WANTED: Local Managers, men, to post signs, advertise and distribute samples. Salary \$30 a month and additional commissions. SAUNDERS & CO., Depart. 8 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

16 SOUVENIR POST CARDS 10c Beautifully colored Comics, Art, Scenery, Catalog and Agents' Offer of finest line of cards on market. W. J. Dickson Co., Dept. 12, Des Moines, Ia.

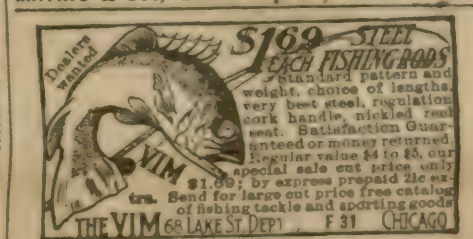
Fish Will Bite Like hungry wolf all the season. If you use Magic Fish Lure. Best fish bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish every time you go fishing. Write today and get a box to help introduce. Agents Wanted. J. F. Gregory, 2319 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

FREE Send two-cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death as indicated by astrology. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the world's greatest Astrologer. Patrons astonished and satisfied with my true predictions. Prof. A. H. ASTRO, Box 3493, Philadelphia, Pa.

SICK WOMEN CURED

at home with- out pain or discomfort of all female diseases, piles, etc., by the use of our wonderful vegetable remedy. To prove it we send FREE TRIAL TREATMENT to all who write. MATHIS & CO., Ladies Dept. 5, Elmer, Texas.



THE YIM 68 LAKE ST. DEPT. F 31 CHICAGO

Earn This Ring

This handsome ring is a marvel of workmanship. Set with one large oblong ruby and two one-fourth karat imitation diamonds. The ring is heavy and solidly made, and is similar in appearance to rings you would pay \$75 at any jewelry store. We guarantee this ring to wear for 3 years and will re-lace it with a new one if it does not. We give this ring free for selling only 4 of our beautiful fruit pictures at 25c each. Everybody buys. Send no money, just your name, and we send pictures. When sold send us the \$1 and ring is yours. W. E. Doan, 611 Ridge Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.

We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated silver spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these spoons is new and very attractive and we have found of some design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15c each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the addressee and to you we will send as a free gift a set of six spoons. For a club of 9 you can earn a dozen spoons. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

J. O. G., Concord, Tenn.—We do not know whether the song, or poem, "The Family Bible," has been copyrighted or published. Write to Copyright Division, Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., for information and also for information concerning the copyrighting of manuscripts.

Reader, Otto, Kans.—Manuscript sent by mail goes at the same rate as letters—two cents an ounce. Ask your Postmaster for a little free book which the government supplies to all post-offices on the subject of mail.

Janle, Monford, Ky.—"Skidoo" is a slang word that a nice little girl should not use, and therefore we will not tell you what its definition is. Wait until you are twenty-three and you will learn. As for "Mizpah," you should have learned in Sunday-school what it means. Ask your Sunday-school teacher.

J. G. S., Evansville, Ind.—If you will go to the Public Library in your town—you have one, haven't you?—and look up the plants in the Encyclopedia you will find out, generally, what they are. If that is not enough, see any teacher in the public schools who teaches botany and you can get detailed information. It should not cost you anything except your time.

A. E. C., Flint, W. Va.—Write to Brentano, New York City. The usual price is \$1.50, but we believe it comes in cheaper form. Or write to John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

N. V. P., Arkansas City, Ark.—Write to Thompson-Pitt Co., No. 947 Eighth Ave., New York City, also to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, O. It may be worth considerable, and it may not. We are not experts.

N. C. G., Odenville, Ala.—Such Art Schools are known only by their advertisements and you must look over advertisements for them. Among art publications are The Craftsman, Art Amateur, Magazine of Art, New York City; Perry Magazine, Boston, Mass.; Fine Arts Journal, Chicago, Ill.

J. K. V., Clarksville, Mo.—See answer above to "N. C. G." for art magazines. For photography, The Photographic Times, The Camera and Dark Room, New York City. (2) If you will go to St. Louis, or Kansas City with samples of your pictures and show them to dealers, you may be able to make arrangements whereby they will sell your work on commission, if they will not buy outright. You can not do anything by mail.

R. D., Hollywood, Ky.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, for information.

Mrs. S. S. W., Haven, Kans.—Write to Stamp and Coin Exchange, No. 212 Broadway, or to Stanley Gibbons, 167 Broadway, New York City.

S. A. B., Manhattan, Kans.—We do not find the poem in any of our collections and can give no information. Maybe the librarian of your school library might be able to tell you something about it. Have you asked?

A. B. C., Dothan, Ala.—If it is a genuine Stradivarius you can get a lot of money for it, but there are hundreds of old violins scattered about the country labeled all right, but spurious in other respects. Write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, who are experts.

F. D. E., Golden City, Mo.—There may be some small French colonies in this country where the language is spoken correctly, but they are few and far between and we have not heard of them. In Louisiana you might find one and there are many people in New Orleans speaking French. N. O. is nearer being French than any city in the United States. In Canada, however, the French in some sections dominate. Write to the Mayor of New Orleans for information, or to Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, La.

J. W. K., Lockhart, Texas.—Write to Tiffany & Co., New York City.

Sunshine, Danneberg, Neb.—The only place we know of to sell such fancy work is to supply it to your local merchants and let them sell it for you on commission.

S. A. M., Moorestown, Pa.—Unless you are especially qualified by nature for the duties of trained nurse you can not be successful. The work is hard and trying. If you will talk to some physician on the subject he will tell you what the work is like, and also whether you are adapted to it.

R. D. C., Easley, S. C.—Before trying England you had better write to the Editor of The Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., on the subject.

John Anes, Moss Point, Miss.—Wishes to say to "D. B. Jr., Polo, Ill." who asked in this column what the longest word in the English language is, that the longest word is "Smiles," because there is a mile between its first and last letter. This looks like a joke, but it is a fact.

Subscriber, Fayetteville, Texas.—Unless you have the natural gift of drawing—the art faculty—you cannot learn illustrating in a thousand years. You have to be born with it. Ad-writing may be acquired by some people, but we think you are too far from headquarters to make much of a success at it. (2) Your local newsdealer can better inform you on the subject of sporting magazines and their prices. There are so many kinds of sports.

G. E. A., Stillwater, Minn.—The price is so small that it hardly pays for the trouble unless you can send in a car load. Write to G. B. Calman, 42 East 23rd Street, New York City.

A. N., Belvue, Kans.—The coin which is now known as a "Nickel" was not in existence in 1838. You have either the date, or the metal, wrong.

L. M. E., Vinson, Ore.—The "execution of classic music on the guitar" cannot be taught by correspondence and don't you believe anybody who says it can. It might be "execution" after the style of capital punishment, but it wouldn't be music.

B. F. E., Hector, Ala.—The value of the relief depends entirely upon what some hunter would give for it. A dealer would probably offer you a couple of dollars, and he might sell it for twenty and he might lose money on it. Write to Lons Curiosity Co., 439 Fourth Ave., or Ye Old Curiosity Shop, 762 Lexington Ave., New York City. We should like to know what kind of an offer you get.

M. B. R., Houston, Tex.—The Chief of Police of Houston can give you more information on what you ask us about in five minutes than we could give you in five columns. Go ask him.

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"You alarm yourself needlessly, Warfield. I was in there not half an hour ago and he seemed as usual. I have promised—I mean I am going out—I cannot stay at home this evening." She spoke with averted face, remembering her promised rendezvous with Corcoran.

Recognizing the futility of further pleading he turned away heart sick and entered the nursery. For hours, he knew not how long, the child lay in a lethargy, its breathing so faint at times he had to incline his ear to be assured its soul had not really passed. After a long time it stirred and faintly spoke the only word to which those baby lips had ever given utterance:

"Mamma."

"No darling," said Gene softly, "it isn't mamma. I couldn't, I suppose, say 'daddy' just once, could you?"

In the blue eyes upraised there was a ray of intelligence and a tiny hand reached out and touched his face.

"Daddy," the little creature murmured.

A look of delight stole into the father's eyes and he cried breathlessly:

"Say it again, precious."

"Daddy," whispered the child. Then suddenly a change came. The little face quivered, darkened, and there was no more suffering—the baby was dead. So swift, so silent had been the passing at first Gene scarcely realized it, then the truth broke on him and with a heart-rending sigh he flung himself on his knees beside the little bed.

Dawn was breaking when Victoria stepped out of the elevator and walked down the landing. There was no song on her lips and she did not carelessly pass the nursery as was her wont. Something in the intense stillness of the room impelled her and she softly pushed open the door. As she caught sight of the group, Gene's kneeling figure and the tiny white face on the pillow beyond, the feelings she had stifled so long trembled into being. She had thought of the child only as a restraint upon her liberty, but now as she gazed upon the little one that would never trouble her more those hidden chords which lay beneath all the worldliness of her being thrilled as at the touch of an unseen hand. All the motherhood within her awoke and a low sobbing cry broke from her. Hearing her Gene sprang to his feet. Her face with that strangely tender look upon it reminded him of the time so long ago when haunted by remorse he had come in out of the night shadows and she had comforted him. His voice broke into strangled sobs as he said pleadingly:

"Dear wife, let us forget all these cruel months of doubt and sorrow that have come between us and let our little one in death unite us as it never has in life." He held out his arms to her.

Gladly would Victoria have gone to him then and begged his forgiveness for the past but something came between them—all the womanhood within her cried out against it. She realized to the full the enormity of her sin and a horror unspeakable came upon her. Staggering away she hid her face in her hands. Staggering away she hid her face in her hands. Staggering away she hid her face in her hands.

"Come, Victoria."

"Don't touch me, Gene—I am unworthy—unworthy—" She waved him off and went shuddering from the room.

Four weeks later Warfield was seated in his study writing. In carelessly pushing aside some papers upon the ink bottle, the great crises in human lives depend more upon the little things than we quite realize. Even the fate of nations may be changed by a five minutes delay.

"Here is a mess," thought Warfield, "and no blotting paper. Perhaps there is some in Victoria's room. I will ask her."

She was not in the room when he entered and without thought of anything but the article he was in search of, he opened the drawer of her desk. A crumpled paper lay there as though she had been interrupted in its perusal and had hastily tucked it away.

As Warfield took it up almost before he was aware of what he was doing he read the words written there. It ran thus:

"DEAREST VICTORIA:

"I have had an accident today and am unable to meet you. I am suffering and I long for the comfort of your presence."

"Ever yours, CORCORAN."

For long minutes Gene stood stricken into dumb silence as the words which convinced him of his wife's guilt burned themselves into his brain, then hearing a gasp he turned and encountered the startled gaze of Victoria. All the roses had gone out of her cheeks and she looked suddenly as if she were dead.

"It is true, then—all that this letter discloses," Gene finally said.

"Yes, it is true."

"You love this man?"

"Yes," she said, and the shame in her face was terrible to witness. "I love him. I don't attempt to explain it. I have loved him since the first hour we met. He dominates me body and soul."

"And you have sacrificed your tender love, I made our life a hell, destroyed our child—it was my cruelty that killed it—all for the love of this man. Why do you stand there so silently? Speak—condemn, despise me—say that you loathe me—no amount of reproaches you can heap upon me can hurt half so much as my conscience for what I sacrificed during these past weeks." She ceased and stood a statue of hard despair, asking no mercy.

"Victoria," Gene began slowly, and she listened in vain for any word of condemnation, "our union was a mistake from the very beginning. Our bodies were united but our souls were not—we were only one third married. It is true I loved you but my love awoke too late, for you had already found your affinity. Had you come to me and told me you loved him I would have given you your freedom. It is not too late even now. It is criminal for us longer to remain together. It is a crime for any man and woman to remain together when the last little spark of love has flickered and gone out. The result of a loveless marriage is the propagation of human beings born without that greatest essential to all life—love. Love is the one thing in all the world that makes life worth the living. A union of mind and spirit means regeneration, immortality, life eternal." He ceased and stood looking at her pitiably. Amazement succeeded the despair on Victoria's face.

"I cannot understand you. I expected reproaches, anger, anything but this. One thing only I realize clearly—you wish to be free of me. You cannot wish it more than I. This man has sworn to wed me if once I were free, but do you think he will do it if the world knows me for what I am—a lost woman? He is not so noble as you. Perhaps he will love me for a little while and then cast me off. His error will be glossed over and discreetly forgotten. It was ever thus—the woman pays. That law is as eternal as the heavens. Warfield, you have in your hand the evidence that will brand me with the scarlet letter. I deserve no mercy at your hands. Publish that evidence and let my name become a byword in the mouths of men—a thing of scorn!" She stopped, looking at him with sad eyes.

He spoke gently, "Christ said of old to the woman of Samaria: 'Go and sin no more, and if it be any comfort to you I say the same today. I have no right to sit in judgment on you—I too have sinned. I will leave you and you may receive a divorce on the grounds of desertion. Let the world's blame fall upon me. Your name shall never be tarnished by any act of mine.' The gas-log was spluttering on the hearth and with a quick motion he thrust the letter into the deepest heart of the flame.

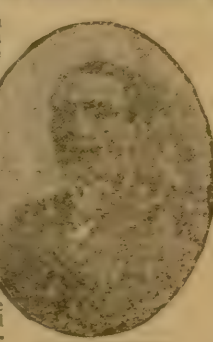
YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE.



MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE

Send me your name and date of birth with a 2 cent stamp, and I will send you a horoscope of your life from the cradle to the grave, absolutely free of cost. I can tell you just what to do to become happy, and can so lay the future before you that you will bless the day you first wrote to me.

When you look around among your acquaintances and can see those who are successful both in family matters and in business and money affairs, who you know are no smarter than you are yourself, don't you often think, well, "That's their luck, but I have had bad luck" you say to yourself; now let me tell you something and there is no question about it, they are successful because they have been advised by some competent astrologer. This you can put down as certain.



HIRAM GUNTHER

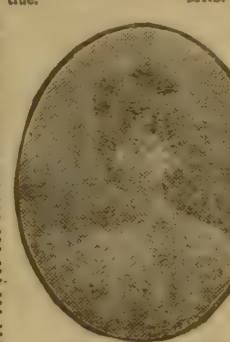
Read what a few of my Patrons say:

I followed the advice you gave me, and everything has turned out grandly. Charley and I are now married, and in our happiness we pray that you may live long to continue your grand and noble calling.
NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

Your wonderful power is beyond my understanding. You not only told me about affairs that I thought no one knew anything about, but all you predicted has come true.
MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE.

I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turning point in my life—both in family and money matters.
HIRAM GUNTHER.

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I am now on the road to fame and fortune. My last season was a complete success, and I now have many flattering offers from several managers, and just to think when I first wrote to you I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you?
GRACE KARINTH.



NELLIE ARMSTRONG

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, ss.
COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD, ss.
BRIDGEPORT, July 15, 1905.
I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copies of photographs and testimonials with the original photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom.
In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal.
J. D. TOOMEY, JR.,
Notary Public.

Remember I send you this horoscope absolutely FREE. Don't hesitate a moment, but write at once and I will prove to you just what I say. I have made thousands happy and prosperous and can do the same for you.

Simply send me your name and birth date with a 2 cent postage stamp, and I will do the rest. Shakespeare said: The stars above us govern our conditions. Why should you doubt? Send at once and learn what the stars have to tell you.

Address **PROF. LEO AMZI, Dept. 17, Bridgeport, Conn.**

Struck by the nobility of the act a cry burst from her.

"You were always my superior, Gene. I think it was for that I was turned against you—no matter how hard I tried I could never drag you down to my level. I hated you for your superiority then, but I respect you for it now."

Gene took within his clasp her little hand that bore his wedding ring, pressed it gently, removed the ring, then released it.

"You are free—my only wish is that you may be happy." Then he left her and went out into the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings she never pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Defect and Realization." Send 15 cents for 16 months, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

A Remarkable Offer.

Did you ever do somebody a kindness? Surely, you have spoken kind words of recommendation for many people. And when they said: "Thank you," in return you were fully satisfied.

But we have just heard of a case where you get more than a "thank you" for your mere recommendation. You get an entire breakfast set (you pay the freight charges on receipt) just for recommending the goods of the famous Quaker Valley Manufacturing Company. A beautiful wild rose gold lace design breakfast set actually given to you just for a few words of recommendation. No canvassing, no taking of orders necessary to get this breakfast set. Nothing of the sort. We know that the offer means just what it says. Read all about it on page 14.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED ALIVE, WITH READ GUARANTEE. BYRON FIELD & CO., 18 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich EASTERN AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. F. Gem Co., 117 Nassau St., N. Y.

G. S. A. MONEY Agents wanted. Circulars free. P. E. Cheney, Urbana, Ohio.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED NOTES. CHAS. B. B. CO., 100 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

Ladies: make Sanitary Belts, \$15 per hundred. Stamped envelopes particulars. Sanitary Co., Dept. 316, Chicago.

A Hammock Free for Everybody

THE COMFORT HAMMOCK

as a free gift for a small club
Read all about it



The fashions in Hammocks are ever changing. This year we offer you something entirely different from the usual premium hammock, a fine quality, fancy pattern, fish-net cotton, same as is used by fishermen; something substantial and is tested to hold 300 pounds, dead weight, is 19 feet long, over 32 inches wide. Highly colored in red, black, yellow and white. Each Hammock is fitted with strong wood stretchers at either end, so attached that they are a part of the hammock and are never out of place, but always in place to give the hammock suitable spread for comfort, also add much to the appearance of the Hammock when not occupied, giving an inviting finish. For hot summer days you can have nothing that will afford more pleasure than a quiet hour in a hammock in some shady nook. Now to everyone who will get up a club of 12 subscribers to this paper at the new yearly rate of 15 cents each, we will send one of these Hammocks, FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of this great paper to your neighbors, friends and acquaintances, you can easily get up a club in one evening, for with its many improvements and new original copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Botol, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

KISS With 48 photo'd MOVING PICTURES showing how. Curious novelty for ? ? ? folks; a 11 book for all. Price 20 cts.; of News and Post Card dealers, or Mur. Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York.

YOUR BUST Developed FREE Six inches. The Secret FREE for a Beautiful Bust and a Perfect Figure. Full information how to develop the bust 6 inches will be sent you free in plain sealed envelope. Also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today enclosing stamp.

AURUM CO., Dept. A6, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

YOUR HEART Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and these same die who have been wrongly treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and F. O. address to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Elaine.

Words by
JAS. O'DEA.
Author of "Hiawatha," "Sammy," "Moonlight," etc.

Music by
W. C. POWELL.
Composer of "The Gondolier," "The Grenadier," etc.

CHORUS.
Slow and with much expression.

Elaine, Elaine, oh call me back a - gain, For -
give, for - get the past and all its pain - Your
smile, will seem like sun-shine aft - er rain - Then
say you love but me - Elaine, Elaine.

D.C.

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FASCINATION.

W. C. POWELL.

Tempo di Two-Step.

mf

p quasi staccato.

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Detroit - The Whitney Warner Pub. Co. - New York.
Entered according to act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MCMVI
by Jerome H. Remick & Co., in the Department of Agriculture.

Take me Back to Dixie.

take me back to Dix - ie once a - gain.
take me back to Dix - ie once a - gain.

CHORUS.
Andante.

I can hear hissing - ing com - ing down the lane I can hear the chil - dren

join the sweet re - frain I can see the wild - wood where we loved to roam.

Andante con espressione.

Oh take me back to dear old Dix - ie and to the old folks at home.

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By Jerome H. Remick & Co., in the Department of Agriculture.

SILVER HEELS.

MARCH TWO-STEP.

NEIL MORET.

Composer of "Hiawatha," "Moonlight,"
"Poppies" etc.

Allegro.

mf

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Detroit - The Whitney Warner Pub. Co. - New York. Entered according to the act of the Parliament of
Canada in the year MCMV, by Jerome H. Remick & Co., in the Department of Agriculture.

SPECIAL

Any of above in complete
Sheet Music Form FREE.

In order to familiarize you with several very popular pieces of new music, we print this month parts of four successful numbers instead of only one full sheet as usual, and think you will all enjoy the change. A complete copy of any of the above songs may be had in full sheet music size with handsome illuminated cover design, for a club of but three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, also we can furnish in sheet music form such popular numbers as "Cheyenne," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Hiawatha," or "Happy Heine." One copy for three yearly 15c. subscribers or two sheets of music for only five yearly 15-cent subscriptions.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Choice of 100 Premiums

On this page we briefly describe over one hundred different premium articles, which for lack of space we are unable to illustrate, although our catalogue contains both illustration and complete descriptive matter regarding everything, and is free for the asking. You can profitably read over this classified advertising, select a list of the articles you would like to have, then go among your neighbors and show this splendid issue of COMFORT, explain the very reasonable subscription price of 15 cents, and that those who subscribe now will get sixteen monthly numbers. Before you realize it you will have secured a good-sized list of subscriptions, and as we offer presents for as few as two subscribers up to fourteen for larger gifts, you can make up quite a list of items and receive them free of any cost whatever, as a grand reward for the time you will devote. Many articles of wearing apparel, for personal use and for the home, are thus obtained without the use of your own money. As fast as you get your clubs of subscribers together, send them to us so that we can send COMFORT at once to each, and your premium when the full number of subscriptions are at hand. Ask upon a postal card for free catalogue, subscription blanks and copies of COMFORT, in order to begin canvassing with the proper outfit; the rest is easy. COMFORT is its own advertiser. You have but to exhibit a copy to secure a subscription. Write us for further information if there is anything more you wish to know about this employment we offer you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

In all cases where we state Premium is given for certain number of YEARLY subscribers, take notice that all subscriptions will run 16 instead of 12 months if ordered before Sept. 10th, which is the equivalent of giving a 33 1-3 per cent. discount, and is such an extra inducement you should always mention it to prospective subscribers.

Free for Clubs of Two.

For only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

- A Silver Aluminum Tray, handy for a hundred and one purposes.
- A 20-inch Cloth Doll to be sewed and stuffed. Indestructible and pleasing.
- One copy of either of these great books, "Young America's Letter Writer," or, the "Great Book on Politeness."
- A beautiful oil painting reproduction, 17x24 inches in size, suitable to frame for the parlor, entitled "Pelicans."
- Your choice of two beautiful stamped Linen Sets, one has American Beauty Roses, the other Strawberries and flowers of the wood. One has 324 square inches of material, the other has 456 square inches of material.
- A Rubber Singing Pig. Fun and squeals by the cartload for everyone.
- A Pair of Linen Baby Bibs, with an outline sketch for embroidery.
- One 20-inch Stamped Linen Centerpiece. Very handsome pattern from our large stock.
- A Flying Song Bird. Curious Japanese Novelty; very ingenious and entertaining.
- A Comfort Stamping Outfit with directions and material, over seventy patterns on four large sheets.
- A Venetian Bead Necklace, 30 inches long, for fans, etc. Made up of hundreds of pretty glass beads.
- A Pair of Glass Salt Holders for the dining table.
- An Aluminum Pocket Drinking Cup, collapses into a neat case for convenient pocket use.
- A Paper Hat, fully described elsewhere in this issue.
- A Gentleman's Stylish Superb Silk-finish Pocket Handkerchief. Very handsome.
- An Assortment of One Dozen Colored Foreign and American and Comic Souvenir Post Cards. All good selections.
- An assortment of 16 Transfer Designs, containing 49 patterns for ladies' fancy work.
- Four attractive Paper Bells, suitable for decorating in or out doors. Very attractive and a great craze now.
- A Post Card Album that will accommodate fifty cards.
- A 1907 Style of Fancy Back Comb for Ladies' Wear. Very effective.
- A Two-bladed Pocket Knife, German Silver Handle, good strong blades, a keen cutter.
- A Cute Indian Novelty. A Navajo Purse for change, etc.
- A Genuine Magnifying Glass of great strength.
- A Stamped Mantle Scarf or Lambrequin, 88 inches long, also suitable for Piano Cover.
- One Pair "Catch-On" Hat Pins, a woman's good friend. Your hat can not be blown off if you use these.
- A Teddy Bear Target Game. Harmless, amusing indoor game to amuse the whole party.

Free for Clubs of Three.

For only three yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

- A Victoria Stamping Outfit, consisting of seven sheets of patterns each sheet 17x22, with outfit and directions.
- A Magic Fortune Teller; it tells your fortune and answers all sorts of questions with surprising accuracy. This will please you.
- A copy of "Lover's Encyclopedia," a large volume of verses and fascinating literature for young folks.
- A Set of Six Beaded Edge Teaspoons. One has use for large numbers of teaspoons and this is an unusual chance to get some free.
- A handsome colored embossed Picture Frame for photographs. Size 7x9 1/2. Complete with glass.
- An Art Table Cover made of pretty material and an addition to a center table in any room.
- A Coral Necklace of over three hundred beads, made in three strands. These are the very height of fashion and real coral is now in great favor and very expensive.
- A Trumpetone, or Trumpet Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument. Professional players can appreciate this instrument.
- Aluminum Articles in variety, either a Napkin Ring, Pocket Match Holder or a Child's Mug.
- A Chased or Plain Band Ring, made in Gold Shell pattern. Will wear for years and not tarnish.
- A copy of our "Diamond Song Collection" of popular music, words and score complete.
- A set of Silver Aluminum Salt and Pepper Shakers, full family size; won't tarnish.
- A Stamped Linen Tray Cloth, 18x24 with fringed edge; a popular premium.
- A Ring for Baby, 14k. gold filled and do not wear off black. We have them engraved "Baby," "Pet" and "Darling."
- A Set of Three Ladies' Handkerchiefs, all hem-stitched and stamped for embroidery.
- A copy of Frick's Chart of Chords and Album of Songs. Teaches how to play Piano or Organ.
- A Dancing Polar Teddy Bear for the children.
- A beautiful cloth-bound story book, "English Orphanage," by Mary J. Holmes.
- A "Quick and Easy" Egg Beater. The finest and best on the market.
- A Ladies' o. Child's Real Leather Belt with Metal Buckle. Sent waist measure.
- One of our Battenburg Outfits of over 1000 square inches of all new nest design.
- A Beautiful Framed Picture, the subject in several colors, all complete to hang on wall.

What COMFORT Offers You!

Two new stories begin in this issue and we propose to publish during the coming fall and winter months the most interesting and entertaining issues of COMFORT we have yet brought off our presses.

Having installed a new triple web perfecting color press of the latest design, We now have mechanical facilities to do a very high grade of printing, so that COMFORT will be preset to you with a clean, attractive appearance at the outset, not to mention the contents, the programme for which has been in the making for many months.

We are anxious to begin this early Autumn subscription campaign in order that we may obtain the greatest possible number of new subscriptions, also renewal orders, before January 1st, 1908. We start right in by giving you a bigger and better COMFORT instead of promising improvements, and a partial list of what is now commenced in this issue, or is to appear next month and in October, must be interesting reading for you and convince you of the superiority of COMFORT as the favorite and ideal home monthly magazine, now entering its twentieth year of usefulness.

Two New Stories this Month

From "St. Elmo" to "A Speckled Bird" is a continuation of the feast. The very popular success of "St. Elmo" convinces us that "A Speckled Bird," by the same author, Mrs. Augusta J. Evans, will become its rival among all our readers, and it is a source of pleasure to us to be enabled to offer this great serial, which will appear in generous monthly installments during the coming season. The opening chapters appear now, and we invite your attention to it, knowing you will be at once interested.

"Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," By FRED THORPE, a delightful girls' story, opens with vim and vigor characteristic of the entire story, which is bound to absorb the reader from beginning to end. We have been indeed fortunate to obtain the privilege to publish such a splendid story, which appeals as readily to the older as well as to the younger generation. It is good for anyone to read such a story as "ONLY A GIRL."

Mary J. Holmes and Oliver Optic stories are in hand and the first installments will appear in early numbers of COMFORT. Our Mary J. Holmes' story will be one of the very best features of our magazine for the whole winter. No writer of popular fiction has produced in quantity, the valuable fiction stories written by MRS. HOLMES, who at an advanced age still enjoys the enormous royalties from her numberless copyright stories, which a generous and admiring public are always eager to read. This is one of her favorite stories and is destined to become immediately popular with our readers. Do not fail to be ready for the first installment.

"Charlie's Fortune," a very strong Optic story, commences soon, and while it is a young folks' story, it will entertain persons at any age. OLIVER OPTIC STORIES are not to be had in any and every publication; heretofore a prohibitive copyright royalty has kept these stories in the "book form" class and made it impossible to obtain serial privilege. OLIVER OPTIC, as the premier author of young folks' stories, needs no introduction to COMFORT readers; the name and story title warrants the quality, and you have but to read to be entertained. These are only a few of the many new stories COMFORT will give you during the coming year.

"JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY," and "THE SHADOW OF A CROSS," continue to appear in regular installments. In each instance there are some of the best features of the stories yet to appear and the closing chapters become all absorbing. A larger number of SHORT STORIES will be printed through the year, and our editors are now making selections from a great many treating on interesting subjects.

The Pretty Girls' Club

is a NEW FEATURE presented this month, and our thousands of feminine readers will derive mental as well as physical benefit from our Beauty Column to be conducted on the most approved scientific lines by KATHERINE BOOTH, an authority on how to be pretty, as well as skin, scalp and facial defects in general. The article is to be interestingly conducted to suit all girls from eight to eighty and must be of important value to all.

Uncle Charlie, Boys' Corner, etc.

In addition to above programme COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, IN AND AROUND THE HOME, SISTERS' CORNER, COUSIN MARION, ETIQUETTE EDITOR, HOME LAWYER, MUSIC, MANNERS AND LOOKS, FAMILY DOCTOR and the BOYS' CORNER, conducted by Uncle John, are each continued, and best of all, COMFORT'S big agency and premium reward plan is always available. The biggest and best premiums for the least number of subscriptions to the most popular home monthly published.

16 Months' Subscription 15 Cents

In order that you may continue reading our new stories and to induce new subscription for the coming season, to extend the field of COMFORT and further familiarize it among new families, we offer below an extra special subscription privilege, in addition to placing before you an unusual array of all new popular and practical premium gift articles which are free for small clubs of subscribers at our 15-cent rate and in order to have our expirations occur at the year end, we shall send COMFORT until December, 1908. In connection with club agency work we furnish catalogues, etc., free upon application.

A Word About Expiring Subscriptions

You will not want your subscription to cease now that we have begun all of these new stories and are to commence so many others right away; so if the number on the wrapper in which you receive this copy of COMFORT is 226 or less, you should renew at once, sending 15 cents for subscription to December, 1908, otherwise you will be without COMFORT. So if you accept now and renew you get 16 months' subscription for 15 cents.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT to expire in December, 1908.

Name _____ County _____
Town _____ State _____
Aug. '07.

Our Boys' Printing Outfit. Two hundred separate pieces of type, type holder, pads, etc., complete for printing cards, etc.
Giant Outfit of 50 Assorted Post Cards, all different.
Large fringed and stamped Linen Tray Cloth, with embroidery floral.
The San Francisco Earthquake Horror completely told in a fascinating manner; profusely illustrated.

Free for Clubs of Five.

For only five yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

- A Complete 850 Page Bible. Both the Old and New Testament. Clear print on extra quality paper, soft bindings.
- Wonderful Harmonophone or Full Brass Band Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument.
- A copy of Chiero's Great Book on Palmistry. New and complete edition.
- A Practical Fountain Pen. Hard rubber barrel, 14k. gold pen point.
- A set of Four 24-inch Bandanna Handkerchiefs. Ladies know of many uses for them. They are very practical.
- A Nut Cracker and Six Picks. A splendid seven-piece set.
- A Handy Tool Set of twenty useful articles.
- A complete set of Four 24-inch Stamped Linen Centerpieces.
- One copy of Wood's Natural History, an 800-page Animal Book.
- Two handsome Cloth-bound Books by Mary J. Holmes, "Mildred" and "Millbank."

Free for Clubs of Seven.

For only seven yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

- A Sleeping and Moving Eye, Dressed Doll, 15 inches high. A great big baby doll for the little ones.
- A King All Steel Air Rifle, for small birds and game. Every boy has his heart set on an Air Rifle.
- A Ladies' Leather Wrist Bag. New and very stylish. Worn by all ladies of refinement.
- A Gent's Watch, warranted for one year. A full size watch and suitable for father or brother.
- A Shaving Set of seven first-class articles. This set will please the most fastidious.
- A Practical Typewriter.
- A Silver Plated Meat Fork of a generous size, handsomely engraved and sent in a neat case.
- A Swedish Razor-Steel Knife with folding blade. Suitable for all kinds of rough and heavy work.
- One Dozen Table Napkins, red or blue border with deep fringed edges.
- A copy of "St. Elmo," one of the sweetest stories ever written; a book of 500 pages of absorbing reading.
- A 20-inch tin and Art Cloth Centerpiece. 13 skeins pure silk with needlework instruction book. One of our choicest premiums.
- Opal, Emerald and Ruby Rings set with tiny rose diamonds. Stylish, pretty.
- A copy of our 450-page book by Jacob Rus, "Roosevelt, the Citizen." A story every American should read with interest.
- One Hundred Souvenir Post Cards. A large variety, no two alike. Foreign and American views.
- Square Deal Jackknives, for Men or Boys. Has two large steel blades, of extra good quality material; will take and keep a sharp edge. A big, strong knife for practical uses.

Free for Clubs of Eight.

For only eight yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

- A Deerfoot Handle Hunting Knife, with a folding blade. This knife is suitable to dress game and fish. Is extra strong and durable.
- A Miniature Swiss Clock, imported from the old country where these beautiful woods grow and where the natives are all expert wood carvers. The works in these clocks are first class and the clocks run well for a long time.
- A Family Syringe, Bulb, three hard rubber connections and no metal to rust or corrode.
- A Family Carving Set. Needed in every house.
- Boys' Steam Engine, complete outfit for a boy. Instructive, amusing.
- A Gold Wedding Ring of superior quality. Be sure and send finger measurement.
- Two Big Stamping Outfits. The Perfect has four big sheets of designs. The Princess has eight sheets and includes Shirt-Waists, etc.
- Complete Household Cabinet of Sewing Silk, Buttons, Needles, Thimble and two dozen other good things.
- Hand Bag for ladies' use; very handsome, made of real leather, leather handle and metal frame and clasp.

Free for Clubs of Ten.

For only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

- Six Silver Plated Knives and Six Silver Plated Forks. Enough to begin a collection of tableware.
- Silver Jewel Casket, including a String of Beads, Brooch Pin and Scarf Pin.
- Gold Beads. A String of 81 Seamless Beads, making a beautiful Necklace.
- Sterling Silver or Gold Plated Cross. Very effective to wear on a neck chain.
- Nottingham Lace Curtains. A handsome pair, three yards long, in a pretty figure.
- Dressed Doll, with Sleeping Eyes, is a delightful gift for a young person.
- A Genuine Teddy Bear, real fuzzy and cute, made of bear skin cloth, with voice. Most popular child's toy ever made. Millions sold annually.

Free for Clubs of Twelve.

For only twelve yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

- A Large Porcelain Globe Lamp for dining-room, parlor or hall. A large lamp giving lots of light.
- A Set of Six Knives, Forks and Teaspoons, 15 pieces of tableware. First class and a valuable addition to the home.
- A Handy Hammock woven in several pretty colors.
- A Genuine Diamond Ring. A 14k. Gold Shell Ring with a genuine stone, tiny but brilliant.
- A Gentleman's Watch in a gift case that wears like gold. Durable movement, made by best American watch makers. Chain free.
- Alarm Clock. Long, strong alarm with special movement; accurate and sure.
- Gold Lined Silver Cake Basket, generous size, has standard and handle is pleasing and useful.
- A Happy Family. Consists of one Genuine Teddy Bear, either white or cinnamon bear skin, a Cloth Teddy Bear pattern to be sewed and stuffed, over 15 inches high, a Dancing White Polar Bear, and a Teddy Bear Target Game, which is lots of fun, giving you four different kinds of Bears.

Free for Clubs of Fourteen.

For only fourteen yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

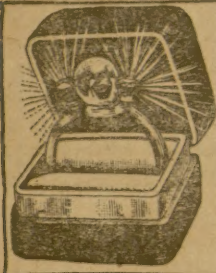
- Satin Gift Clock, one foot high, six inches wide. Very handsome Household Mantle Clock. First class movement.
- Two Pair Nottingham Lace Curtains, suitable for any room in the house, and an attractive window decoration. One yard wide and three yards long.
- Electric Machine for successful home treatment. Dynamo generator type, no liquids, nothing to wear out. Operates by a crank, has hand electrodes. Very beneficial.
- Bedsprad. Extra quality cotton quilt or spread. Full size for regular bed. Guaranteed satisfactory.

Free for Clubs of Seventeen.

For only seventeen yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

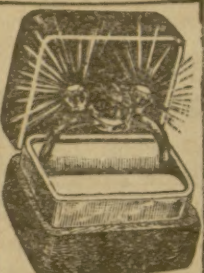
- Family Bible with works of Christ printed in red, over 1000 pages, weighs over five pounds, has over 100 full page and other illustrations. Sent by mail or express postpaid.
- Magic Lantern with complete set of slides and circular views. Big instrument for home or hall amusement. Sent by express prepaid.
- 500 Shot Air Rifle. Magazine barrel that will hold 500 B. B. shot. Break-down feature makes it quick loader. Very accurate and strong shooting-rifle.

FOR A CLUB OF SEVEN. LADIES' GOLD FINGER RINGS.



Opal.
The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only 7 subscribers at 15 cents each.

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Rings you may be proud of and they will wear forever and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold and look refined and just as attractive. These settings are very rich and look rich and just as attractive as rings costing \$25.00 or more. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and are sent in a Bronze Ring Box, plush lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.



Emerald.
These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. We will give one ring free for a club of only 7 subscribers at 15 cents each.



You Learn in a Moment
What it Takes a Teacher
Months to Explain
to You.

EASY MUSIC CHEAP.

NEW CHART of CHORDS for the PIANO.
A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.

There have been many so called easy methods and charts devised, but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight, as well as dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere.

To introduce this CHART in every home, we will send free with each chart the "GIANT ALBUM of Songs," containing 184 Songs, with words and music, including the great hits, "I Won't Be a Nun,"

and "The Mountain Maid's Invitation." Also old and new favorites, and war songs.

To introduce this popular low-priced magazine into new homes, we will send it one year for only 15 cents; for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the CHART of CHORDS and GIANT ALBUM of 184 Songs free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WE GIVE THIS WATCH FOR A CLUB OF 9.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time, simply because they cannot. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 9 subscribers to this paper, at our special subscription price of 15 cents a year each. Do this, sending us \$1.35, with the names of 9 subscribers to this paper, and we will send our paper to each subscriber for one year, and we will send you the watch to reward you for your efforts in our behalf. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get 11 subscribers and send us NOW \$1.65 for the same, we will also send you a nice chain. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A PAIR OF Nottingham Lace Curtains Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has
Just Been Added for Selection to All Who
Send a
Club of Only 9 New Names.

The curtains are full width and just what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 9 trial yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each to our monthly, we will send our magazine one year to each subscriber and one pair of curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 16 trial 15-cent yearly subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 24 yearly subscribers at 15c. each. Magazine goes to the subscriber each month for a year and curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



ANY ONE of these FAMOUS BOOKS for a CLUB OF TWO. ALL THREE BOOKS FOR A CLUB OF FIVE.

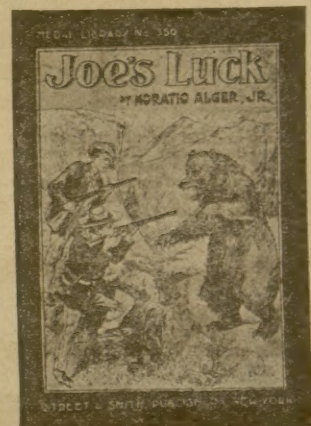


The above pictures show the striking cover designs of these paper bound books.

Nicholas Carter is one of the best detective story writers of the time and "Through the Cellar Wall" is one of Nick Carter's most exciting yarns. Anyone enjoying a thrilling tale should get this great book. We do not sell it, but give it to you for getting only two subscribers to COMFORT at 15c. each.



Charles Garvice is one of the great authors of English stories. Love and adventure play a prominent part in all of his books, but the story "When Love Meets Love" is full of strong passion and is still a clean, bright book, one of his best.



Horatio Alger, Jr., did not write a more exciting book of adventure than "Joe's Luck." This story should be in the hands of every boy and be read by everyone who likes boys, or knows how to appreciate a good story for young people. It is full of life action.

We will send any one of the above large paper bound books for a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at only 15c. each. We will send the three books for only five subscribers. They are full size, good print and well bound.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT. Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 300 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pliers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PRINCESS STAMPING OUTFIT. Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets. 17X22 Inches.

Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outfit and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.

In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in any other stamping outfit, offered else where.

The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the Outfit, and we ask that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

Two Complete Shirt Waist Sets.
Two Complete Alphabets, 26 letters in each alphabet, also many designs on 8 sheets of bond paper, a box of Modern Stamping Material, with full directions to stamp.

1 Large Tab Collar.
1 Lace Collar.
1 Turnover Collar.
1 Turnover Collar & Cuffs.
1 Fagotted Collar & Cuffs.
1 Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never Tell.

1 10 in. Cut Work Dolly.
1 8 in. Strawberry Dolly.
1 8 in. Forget-me-not Dolly.
1 8 in. Lace Dolly.
1 4 in. Strawberry Dolly.
1 5 in. Whist Dolly.

Words and Letters, etc.
Photographs, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Collars & Cuffs.
1 Suspender Design, Daisies.
1 Suspender Design, Forget-me-nots.

Style and custom now require that ladies wear hand-embroidered neckwear, shirt waists and underwear, also the fad is prevalent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, such as dollies, table covers, cushion covers and many other articles of use and ornament. The most fastidious person will find this assortment so varied and yet complete; hardly a want can be imagined that will not be satisfied with this outfit. Our monthly home magazines are of interest to each and every member of the household, and today represent the efforts of the best writers and illustrators, contains clean, fascinating stories in great number, and have also many interesting and instructive departments. In order to enlarge their field of usefulness, we offer you, as an inducement to extend the circulation among your acquaintances, one of these Outfits free of cost.

Our Princess Outfit Offer.
For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these outfits at our expense.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAIST.

Also many small sprays, Sweet Peas, Daisies, Batch Buttons, Wild Rose, Wild Rose Buds, Garden Rose, Poppies, Lilies, Violets, Buttercups, Lilly of the Valley, Cherries, Bowknots, Holly, Chicken, Butterflies, other outline and floral designs.

Charles H. Sheldon.
30. In His Steps.
Ralph Connor.
31. Black Rock.
T. S. Arthur.
32. Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

BEST BOOKS FREE.

Cloth Bound

Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all in this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end.

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7. Lucy.	15. English Orphans.
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17. Family Pride.	17. Ethelyn's Mistake.
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25. Millbank; or Roger Irving's Ward.	25. The Midnight Queen.
26. Miss McDonald.	26. The Dark Secret.
27. The Heir of St. Mark's.	27. Gypsy Queen's Vow.
28. Rosamond.	28. The Heiress Castle Cliff.
29. Rose Mathew.	29. The Rival Brothers.
30. In His Steps.	30. Charlotte M. Braeme.
31. Black Rock.	31. Dora Thorne.
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33. The Young Midshipman.	33. Repeated at Lonsdale.
34. Among Malay Pirates.	34. Her Only Sin.
35. Bonnie Prince Charlie.	35. Golden Heart.
36. By Pike and Dyke.	36. Her Martyrdom.
37. By Night of Conquest.	37. For Another's Sin.
38. By Sheer Pluck.	38. Belle of Lynn.
39. Dragon and the Raven.	39. Charles Wagner.
40. For Name and Fame.	40. Simple Life.
41. For the Temple.	
42. In Freedom's Cause.	
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44. Jack Archer.	
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48. Under Drake's Flag.	
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52. The Young Buglers.	
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61. Her Heart's Desire.	
62. A Wild Maid.	
63. Woven on Fate's Loom.	
64. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.	
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66. Hidden Hand, Part 1.	
67. Capitola, Part 2 of No. 66.	
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69. Cruel as the Grave.	
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Most Lovable Sort of Girl

BY A. W. KOENIG.

CERTAINLY she is not the blue-stockinged, crammed with information in an undigested form, neglectful of her person, sallow of skin, contemptuous of those graces which are to womanhood what the scent is to the lily or the color to the rose.

If you could induce her to forget how clever she was, or lose sight of it yourself for half a minute, she might be lovable; upon

her cleverness—at least the so-called clever woman of today, who is really the most stupid woman of all time.

Not the society girl, always in a whirl, the devotee of balls and private theatricals, thirsting for publicity, rushing wildly from one thing to another, depending for happiness upon excitement.

Not the beauty, because handsome is as handsome does, and the prettiest girls are often the shallowest and the vainest.

Not the Martha-like maiden, harassed—about household affairs, whose burning ambition is to live in a large house, and who re-

gards a husband more or less as an adjunct to it.

Not the exacting girl, quick and passionate of temper, jealous of every other woman, suspicious to an insane degree, always fancying some neglect and resenting it.

Not the sharp-tongued girl, with the quick repartee and the witty sarcasm.

Not the smart girl, with her frequent changes of costume, her inordinate extravagance and her devotion to fashion.

The most lovable type of girl is the old-fashioned. The girl who thinks in many things as her great-grandmothers did before her;

the girl who is glad of a man's protection, his arm across a street, his help over a stile, his assistance in carrying parcels, his escort to the theater—the girl who could stand alone, if she had to do it, but who greatly prefers to be spared the necessity.

The girl who can spend a month at home and stay in every night without once being dull or bored.

The girl who can darn socks, fix buttons and at a pinch, adjust a patch.

The girl who can see good in everything, who has a large heart and a kindly, amiable nature.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC

The Shining Orb of the Night and Melodious Strains from Sweet Orchestras Make Summer a Continuous Dream of Joy and Pleasure.

Are you not thrilled with music, sweet tender music, on a beautiful moonlight night?

Nothing in this world so arouses the poetic fancies of men and women and nothing makes them so joyful as a combination of moonlight and music.

I want to tell you here how you may have the sweetest, the most tender music and ringing ragtime as well on every moonlight night this summer right on your own lawn or your own porch and it will cost you almost nothing compared with the pleasure that will be yours.

Joy for the Night

I know of no better way to spend the glorious evenings of summer than by listening to the wonderful music of a genuine Edison new style 1907 model phonograph, and for this reason I am glad to be able to place on this page full details of the great FREE TRIAL and easy-payment offer which is being made to every reader of this paper by the Edison Phonograph distributors of Chicago.



The editor of this paper is impressed by the fact that the new style 1907 model Edison phonograph is a truly wonderful machine. It does such a great variety of marvelous things—things almost beyond belief. The new style 1907 Edison phonograph is so far superior to the old style scratching imitations that you cannot imagine how sweet is the music from this marvelous new instrument. Don't form your opinion of the new style Edison by the scratchy, rasping machines you may have heard at public entertainments.

Whole Summer of Pleasure

Think of the joy that will be yours during the entire summer if you get an Edison phonograph now on the easy-payment, free-trial offer made on this page. I want you to read all about this marvelous offer because I want you to have at your command the means of the greatest entertainment you can imagine. Every afternoon, every evening, every Sunday you may have in your own house, on the porch or on the lawn, the sweet toned Edison playing the finest opera selections, the greatest band and orchestra pieces, the best vocal music, amusing recitations and comic songs. The Edison gives you anything you like. You may have a band concert any time you wish and any time you desire. Think of what this means. Your home and your lawn will then be as popular as are the parks of the great cities on the nights when the band concerts take place.

Suppose you want an evening concert to please the widest kind of taste. You get up something like this:

Sample Program for a Lawn Concert

- 8573 "Any Rag?" medley.....Vocal
- 9054 "Dearie".....Tenor Solo
- 7422 "Man Behind the Gun," march.....Band
- 7590 "Holy City".....Violin Solo
- 8953 "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," Vocal
- 4004 "Laughing Song".....Comic
- 1575 "Sweetest Story Ever Told".....Song
- 2201 "Annie Laurie".....Male Quartette
- 9143 "Courtship of Barney and Ellen".....Recitation
- 8504 "Thoroughbred," two-step.....Band
- 644 "Till's Serenade".....Orchestra

Read What the Editor Says

The editor advises you to take advantage of the great offer made here today. Remember you can get an Edison for free trial and may pay for it either in cash or the smallest monthly payments. The Edison catalogue of phonographs, the catalogue of 15,000 records and the great Edison poster are all furnished free. You better order them at once. Don't take the time to write a letter. Merely sign the coupon at the bottom of the page, cut or tear it out and place it in a letter and mail. Editor of Home Folks.



LOOK at the happy May party with the joyful children and the parents applauding at the sight of the young merry makers dancing around the pole. All are enjoying the sweet music of the Edison Phonograph. The Edison Phonograph has indeed been rightly called the King of entertainers. Summer or winter its voice carries happiness and content. If you have heard only the old-style machines or the rasping, scratching imitation machines heard at country fairs and the like you cannot imagine what a treasure of good cheer, what endless entertainment the new improved genuine Edison Phonograph can give all of your family. Read what Mr. Edison says. Read below how every responsible person can get a genuine Edison Phonograph on FREE TRIAL to be bought, if acceptable, either for cash or on the easiest monthly payments.



TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

MR. EDISON

says: "I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home." Thomas A. Edison

For the phonograph, as the reader may know, is the wizard's hobby. His telephone and telegraph inventions have passed into the hands of big stock companies, but the phonograph remains Mr. Edison's own. He has worked over it continuously so that today the **new improved 1907 model genuine Edison Phonograph** is a perfect musical instrument. You cannot realize its superiority until you have heard it and tried it yourself in your own home.

FREE TRIAL

Every responsible person is invited to a **Free Trial** of the new style improved 1907 model genuine Edison phonograph. Free trial means free trial. You pay us nothing—not one cent—no C. O. D. either. You take the instrument to your home and play all the beautiful Edison records—stirring band and orchestra records, the most laughable comic recitations, the latest songs, and up-to-the-minute hits. Let your family and friends hear the machine laugh—sing—talk—play. Then decide.—If you want to, you may return outfit at our expense.—But—If you are more than pleased, if you decide to keep this king of entertainers—and we know you will—you have the choice of sending cash in full for the outfit or paying on the easiest possible payments—and the outfit bought on time costs you as little as if you paid cash in full.]

\$2.00 a Month now buys a genuine 1907 model Edison outfit

including one dozen highly finished genuine Edison records. The finest improved 1907 model Edison outfit only \$3.50 a month. And at **ROCK BOTTOM PRICE**, no matter whether you send the cash in full or pay on our easiest terms. Surprising rock-bottom prices on the finest improved Edison outfits—**ONE-THIRD AND ONE-FOURTH THE PRICE OF INFERIOR IMITATIONS.**

This is a business proposition for business-like people. Every honest, responsible person is invited to a free trial. Sign this coupon and get the Edison catalogue free prepaid.

For Cash in Full

So many cash buyers are sending for a free trial of our new 1907 model Edison that we are asked continuously what discount we can allow for cash. But as the prices for which we sell on time are already the rock-bottom prices, below which nobody is allowed to sell, we must state once more, that a cash discount is simply impossible.

GET THE MACHINE ON FREE TRIAL ANYWAY:

later you can decide whether you want to send cash in full or whether you prefer the easy payment plan, making the payments so very easy that you can hardly feel the monthly expenses.

No Money Down—No C. O. D.

THE GREAT EDISON OUTFIT No. 5



EDISON CATALOGS FREE

Sign this coupon and get the great Edison catalogs, the catalog of phonographs showing every style of Edison machines and the catalogs of 15,000 Edison records; also the magnificent circular of our new 1907 model Edison outfit No. 5. You will be surprised at the rock-bottom prices on the finest kind of talking machines. Get all these catalogs free, prepaid, and select the machine you want to try on free trial offer. Every responsible reader of this paper should sign this coupon. You need not bother with a letter. Just write your name and address plainly on the coupon and mail in an envelope. Sign coupon NOW.

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Thomas A. Edison

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